

October, 1936

# The Liguorian



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We have a strong word of advice for all our Catholic readers this month, though it does not have to do with our own work of publishing a Catholic magazine. The word is this: Even if you have never done so before, read your diocesan Catholic newspaper NOW — if you are at all interested, as you should be, in affairs in Spain! Nowhere else will you find complete, authentic, thoughtful analyses of the situation in that strife-torn country, and eye-witness descriptions of what is going on.

\* \* \*

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**The Liguorian**

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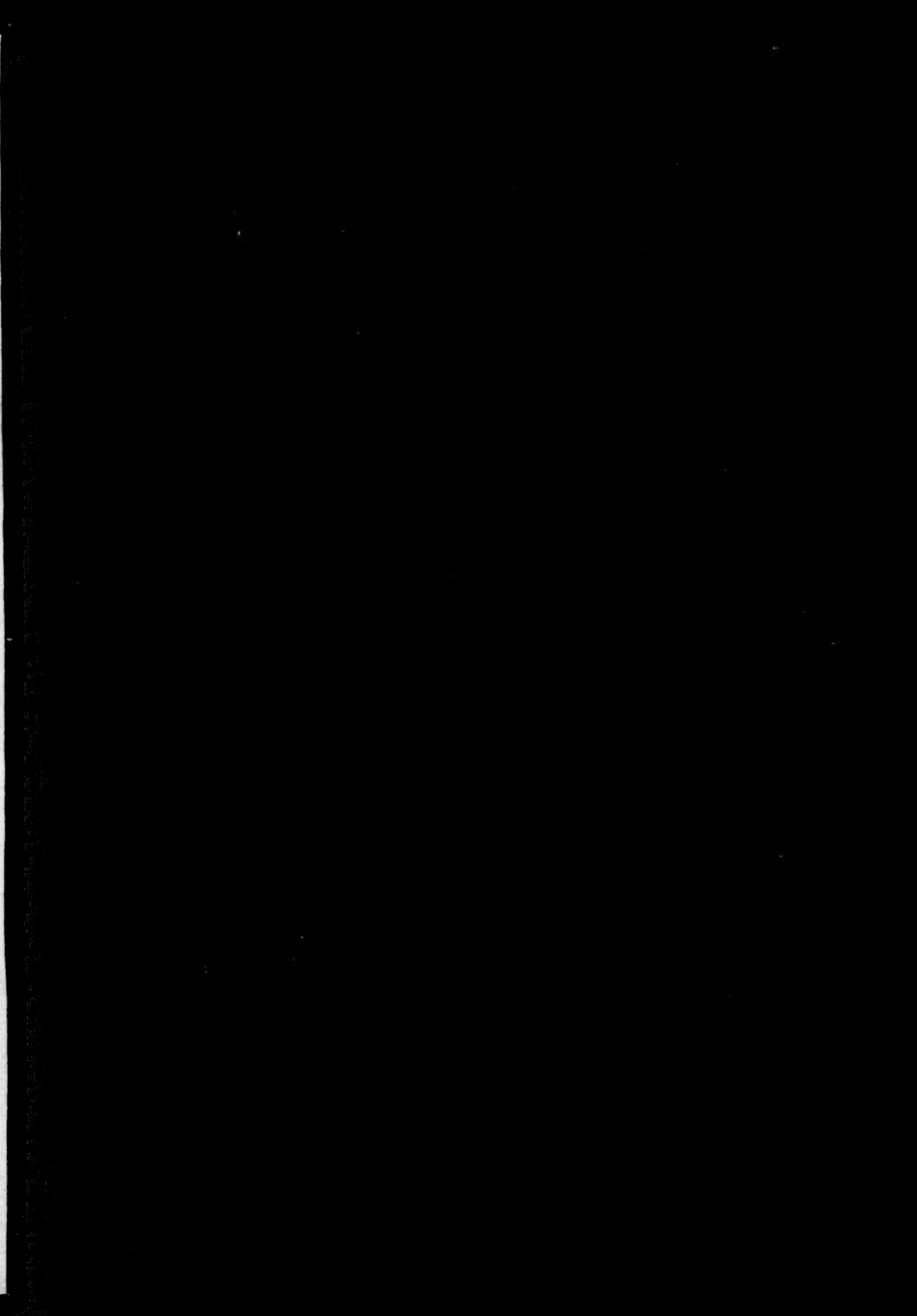
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# THE LIGUORIAN



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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.  
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 10

## BLOSSOM OF THE CROSS

A seedling planted under Carmel's walls  
To grow in strength beneath its nursing shade,  
Took root within the shadow of the cross  
And drank its grace of crimson dew that falls  
From the wounds of the love-nailed crucified.

Pure white it bloomed in chosen garden nook;  
And fixed its gaze upon the Face above.  
He saw its golden heart, its perfumed love,  
And pleased, He broke the tender stock and took  
The blossom to its higher garden home.

The sweetness of His Flower He left below  
To swiftly overflow its cloister vase,  
And spread abroad earth's sinful fevered face,  
'Till everywhere, from court to cottage low  
Therese's shower of fragrant gifts is known.

—A. W. Patton, C.Ss.R.

# **FATHER TIM CASEY**

## **THE RED MENACE**

**C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.**

**"I** DON'T like that scheme, Mike," said Mrs. Monogue, "I don't like it at all. It sounds too Socialistic or Communistic or whatever you call it nowadays. They change the meanings so often a body can never be sure of using the right word."

"It will be a godsend for wage-earners, however," her husband replied. "The Reds happened to think of it before we did. But sure that's no argument against it."

"Don't be too sure," she warned. "I mistrust *anything* they advocate. They are a bad lot, so they are."

"Mama, Mama, you must not be so narrow-minded," Mary Rose expostulated. "That is one reason why the Reds are making so much headway. We are always painting them in the blackest colors — never giving them any credit even for the good they are trying to do. We must be more broad-minded."

"A broad mind is a grand thing, my girleen, a grand thing intirely — purvided there is something in it."

This uncalled-for observation of Uncle Dan's put Mary Rose on her mettle.

"You cannot deny that they *do* recommend some good things — bread for the hungry, for instance."

"So too does the Ould Boy himself. When the Lord God was hungry after forty days and forty nights of fastin' didn't the divvil offer Him bread? But he remained the red Divvil that he always had been, none the less. Even the bread he offered had a sthring to it — like the Reds of our own days, begor."

"Uncle Dan, you are as bad as Mama. You have both made up your mind that there just cannot be anything good in these movements. If we show you that there is, you simply shut your eyes and go on repeating the old thread-bare arguments you learned fifty years ago. Times have changed. You must judge the present by the present. I just wish you

could both come to see the play at the Empress Theatre. That play would show you what conditions are among the workers of today — and what the so-called Communists are doing to ameliorate these conditions."

"Mary Rose," the anxious mother interposed, "I wish you wouldn't be going to such plays. They cannot be good for the health of your mind or of your soul."

"They are the best plays in town this season. Clean, intellectual, artistic. Acting, direction, staging — all high class."

"Maybe they are all the more harmful just for that. Father Casey says they are Red propaganda. — What a pity," she sighed, "we do not use the same talent and energy in propagating the truth."

"They are energetic because they are in deadly earnest. They have some wrong principles, of course, but they also have many right ones."

"What's the object of thim plays? Is it canonizing all the condimned and hanged anarchists they are doing?" Uncle Dan wanted to know.

"They canonize nobody. The plays are true to real life — that is their charm. In real life, men and women fit for canonization are few and far between. These plays show the sins and the meanness of the poor as well as of the rich — and then leave the spectator to draw his own conclusions."

"Rale life," said Uncle Dan, "rale life is not all sin and maneness, nayther among the rich nor among the poor. God gives men the strength for vartues as well, and manny a wan in both classes acts accordingly — or thries to at laste. — And as for drawing your own conclusions, mebbe you think they are your own conclusions, but they are the conclusions the Red propagandist had up his sleeve from the start of the game."

"When they show sin and meanness," Mary Rose persisted, it is because such evils exist and they want to cure them. They want to help everybody to be good, give everybody an education, provide everybody with equal opportunities for leisure and self-improvement."

If the printing press could reproduce a grunt, we would give you Uncle Dan's answer. Since it cannot, we must leave you to imagine it. What that grunt didn't say about the Reds and their promises is a caution.

"Listen, Uncle Dan," — it was Michael Monogue, the head of the house, who was speaking now — "Mary Rose and myself have our finger on the people's pulse, she down at the office and me out at the

works. We are listening to these discussions from morning till night. Everybody is talking about a new economic system, especially them that don't know what it is all about. Constant dropping wears away even the stone. Neither Mary Rose nor myself is stone, therefore it may be that we are a little influenced by what we are constantly hearing. However I think we both have enough horse sense to see the truth when it is put right under our noses. These radical agitators can point to a grievance, there is no use denying it—"

"So can I, bedad. I've been pointing to grievances since the day I was able to point to anything, and I am expecting to be pointing to grievances till the day of my death. Molly here does be pointing to a grievance — which grievance is yourself — or — or me. Every ev'nin' Monica and Emmet comes home pointing to the grievances they had in school the day, Mary Rose points —"

"No, but these grievances in the body politic are real grievances. Children are starving in the midst of over-production, workers are losing their homes and farmers are losing their land because they cannot renew their mortgages, while the banks are bursting with money, men, willing and anxious to support their families, cannot find a job, some are rolling in wealth while others haven't a roof to cover them. Courts are crooked, police departments are crooked, politicians are crookedest."

"Well, does it fill anny stomachs or pay anny gas bills to be pointing at them grievances — even grantin' they are as common as the Reds make them out to be?"

"They have plans for righting these wrongs."

"Plans, is it? Plans, sez you. Bait to catch suckers, sez I. Did ever you see a fisherman cast his hook in the sthream without putting a wurrum on it?"

"Why do you call them bait to catch members for the radicals? These reforms *are* the radical movement."

"They are not, Mike. The man who wants rayforms, but does not want the fundamental philosophy of the Reds, is no more a Communist than — than I am a Mohammeydin. I mind the time a man by the name of Matt O'Halligan was my helper in the gas house. Wan mornin' this Matt O'Halligan comes in all het up over a Communist meetin' he'd attinded the night before. 'And what ar-re they for?' sez I. 'They ar-re for aigual rights to all,' sez he. 'At prisint,' sez he, 'a few bloated pluttycrats has seized on all the goods of the airth, lavin' the

rest of us to starve of hunger and thirst,' sez he, takin' a swig from his can of beer. 'The Communists will take these goods and disthribute them among all, share and share alike,' sez he. 'Let me get this thing clear in my head,' sez I. 'If you had, say, a million dollars, would you take and disthribute it among the nayburs?' sez I. 'Is that Communism?' sez I. 'It is,' sez he, 'and I would,' sez he, 'and I'm for it,' sez he. 'Or if you had a farrum of a thousan' acres, you'd be willing to divide it up and share it with the nayburs?' sez I. 'I would,' sez he, 'for that's good Communism,' sez he. 'I'm beginnin' to see it,' sez I. 'If you had, let us suppose, if you had — a — a pig, for instance, would you be willing to divide it up and share it with the nayburs?' 'Ah, go along with ye,' sez Matt, 'you know I have a pig.' You see Matt O'Halligan had our common hankering to get something for nothing, but he did not accept the fundamental principle of Communism. He was no more a Communist nor I."

"Then you do not think the fundamental principle of Communism is the betterment of the working classes?"

"No more than the fundamental principle of Mary Rose is the powdher on her nose."

"Then what is the fundamental principle of Communism?"

"The *wan* principle that has bound men together the fastest and made them fight the hardest from the dawn of time to the prisent day — it's *religion*."

"But the Communists are against all religions."

"*That's* their religion. And 'tis the Divvil's own," said Uncle Dan.

"Uncle Dan is right," said Father Casey. He had dropped in during the course of the argument and waited quietly until it was finished. "Their cohesion, their intense activity, their dogged perseverance, their fanaticism can be explained only by the religious motive. Just as our religion is the love of God, theirs is hatred of God. Just as our mission is to make God everywhere known, theirs is to induce all men to deny, ignore, forget God. Their uncompromising effort is to banish God from His world. Against every institution where God might, so to speak, find a foothold, they mass their attacks: first of all, against God's religion, then against the edifices of brick and stone where the rites of that religion are practiced, most rabidly against the altars whereon the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered, then against the priests, the official ministers of God's religion, then against the convents where religious fervor and heroism are fostered, then against the schools where religion is taught,

against the Christian family where children receive their first knowledge of God, against voluntary associations, societies, organizations, against free governments and personal liberties — in a word, against everything where there is even a chance that men might learn to know, love and serve God."

"Aren't you making that inditement rather strong, your Reverence?" Monogue protested.

"Not one whit stronger than the Pope himself. At the opening of the World Catholic Press Exhibition in Rome, the Holy Father, speaking of the perils which confront human society today, said — these are his exact words — 'the first, the greatest and the most general peril is certainly Communism in all its forms and degrees.'"

"Oh, maybe some alarmist had been 'seeing Red.' He communicated his exaggerated fears to the Pope. Naturally the Pope would get nervous about it," suggested Monogue.

"When the Pope makes a charge like that, he bases it on more solid evidence than the exaggerated statements of some alarmist. He knows that, within twenty-four hours, his accusation will be circulated in every country in the world. How squarely he had hit the nail on the head was shown by the way the Communists immediately reacted. Why, in France, they flooded the land with posters entitled 'The Communist Party Replies to the Pope.' In these posters they tried to make the people believe that the Holy Father, in his simplicity and lack of information, had mistaken the Communist lamb for the big, bad wolf. Don't you ever believe the Pope does not know what he is talking about. There is no news-gathering organization anywhere, there is no secret service department of any government better able to learn the true state of affairs in every corner of the world than the Pope. His representatives live in constant personal contact with all classes of people everywhere. He has facts, not theories. When he says Communism, in all its forms and degrees, is the first, the greatest and the most general peril confronting human society today, you can be sure that it *is*. And the sooner human society admits and faces the fact the better chance human society has of saving itself."

"Whatever is to be done about it?" That was the question proposed by Michael Monogue.

"What is to be done about it? What is to be done about it?" That was the question going round and round in the worried brain of Father Casey as he walked back to the rectory.

# **SUMMONED AT NOON**

## **SANCTITY AMONG OUR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN**

**FATHER ETZIG — Who lived intensely in deed and in spirit**

**Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.**

**M**ANY are the lives at hand corresponding to our title. But why go afar to seek the flowers that grow at our very doors? Of the long series that I still wish to describe, none is superior, I dare say, none is equal to the spiritual beauty of Father Etzig's. Intensity and yet perfect equilibrium—this seems to me the keynote of his life.

Peter Joseph Etzig was born in Chicago, Ill., October 11, 1896. His parents, devout Catholics, were members of St. Michael's Parish,—John Etzig and Catherine Schuetz. His primary studies were made in the parish school. Having finished the grammar grades, he completed two years of a commercial course before entering St. Joseph's College—the Preparatory Seminary of the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Fathers—at Kirkwood, Mo. This was in 1913. Of these early years, as well as his years at St. Joseph's, I know very little. Only, when it was announced in the September *LIGUORIAN* that his life was to appear, a former fellow-student of his, now a Diocesan priest in a Western Diocese, felt impelled to send the following lines:

"I was never privileged to be one of 'Pete's' intimates, but I admired his character from my first year at Kirkwood. On hearing of his death, I expressed what is my honest conviction, namely,—that as far as appeared to a fellow-student, Peter Etzig was the most saintly student in the Preparatory School and in the Seminary.

"'Well balanced' would give a superficial description of him. My observation and contacts with him, marked him off as one who had his will power marvelously controlled. This enabled him, I think, to exhibit a calm positive virtue—the day-by-day unpretentious devotion to God—because he realized its importance.

"I do not know of a single situation in which Father Etzig lost his

temper, though (*mea culpa*) I recall at least one on which he had the utmost provocation.

"He was never unduly gay, and yet everyone liked him for the quiet friendliness that distinguished him.

"As you know I was never a classmate, and so I know nothing of his intellectual gifts, save what was evident in his every-day thought and actions. That was, I think, that his gifts were not what we call 'brilliant' but poised; that he possessed clear vision, the ability to go directly to conclusions and not wander aimlessly in labyrinths of thought."

With this we leave his Kirkwood days. In July 1918, he entered upon his Novitiate. From this time on we can trace the progress of his spiritual life by means of his Diary. The idea of his Diary may be gleaned from a note in it, written Nov. 3, 1930. He wrote:

"It has been some time since I made my last Diary notes. I am impelled to begin once more because these notes will serve as a good method to check up on spiritual losses, conquests, advances or compromises."

We are grateful for these notes because they enable us to see what else would have been only vaguely guessed — the intense inner life of an active priest — professor by obedience and missionary at heart. We shall allow him, for the most part, to speak for himself from the pages of his Diary. Unfortunately we can give only the tiniest idea of all that it reveals.

#### NOVITIATE DAYS

The Novitiate is the apprenticeship for the Religious life. It is passed in privileged surroundings, under direction that is expert (if there is any) and sympathetic. Most novices are in the glory of youth; high ideals beget glowing enthusiasms that make one blind to hardship and difficulties and cast a brilliance upon the future that hides all shadows. One might remind a novice of sacrifices to be met at times, but the novice will see only the radiant sun that will bless him on the day of profession — in a complete union with God. In that light little faults — disappointments to the beckoning Lord, — seem like great crimes; they are the only things that mar the novice's happiness. But even in abiding sorrow there is the joy of ever needing and knowing the love of the Master. The same enthusiasm for lofty ideals — the ideals of the priesthood are revealed in the pages of Father Etzig's diary of his novitiate days, the same realization of unworthiness. But there is a certain



soberness about them that makes us feel that he has borne such thoughts a long time in his heart. There is a continuity between his fervor now and his spiritual life before.

Thus when his novitiate had hardly gotten under way we read:

"This day seems suffused with supernatural emotion. This morning my meditation was a little better than the day before.— yet sleep almost got the best of me. However, sweet Jesus, I managed to keep my mind as clear as I could. At Communion, however, Jesus, sweet Infant, you seemed to have fallen asleep. Sleep on Sweet Saviour, sleep on and have your rest."

What a bold and yet boy-like, generous attitude towards Our Lord—who seemed to refuse the consolations which he sought and his efforts might have given him reason to expect. Here is the explanation:

"Jesus, I have resisted you long enough. O Darling God, forgive me, your wayward little subject. Oh I never did really know that I offended you so much and so grievously. Deign to forget all the unfaithfulness of past days; let me begin anew. I would love you, sweet Jesus, to distraction. I would die for you. But I fear I am still loathsome to you. Forgive me, Jesus, and give me true, true sorrow. Let me but be an humble violet, a lowly forget-me-not, planted beside your path, so that I would be trod upon by your feet; but only give me one look of mercy, one glance of forgiveness and I gladly bow my little petals to Thy sacred little feet."

Evidently he was reading at this time the life of the Little Flower, the saint who had so great an influence on the shaping and maintaining of his spiritual life and work,— for we find this entry immediately. It reveals how brightly the ideal of the priesthood already gleamed before his eyes.

"Again this morning I read how Mr. and Mrs. Martin (the parents of the Little Flower) esteemed the priesthood. Ah, Jesus, then a wave came over my soul and I asked Thee to give me just a little understanding of this awful dignity. May I have a vivid conception of the exalted position of a priest in this life— of his glory in the next. Make me a truly pious, devoted, zealous priest. I yearn to exercise thy mercy in the Confessional and to make people understand the great malice of mortal sin— O, Jesus, Thou hast called me, the sinner among all the greatest,— who is there so wicked as I?— O God, why don't I love Thee? Why don't I die for love?"

We cannot help feeling the intensity of the spiritual life glowing in these lines of the boy — for he was only a boy in years then. As the brightness of the ideal made every little fault of his throw a deeper shadow as he looked at it — so it spurred him on to the desire for perfection, a desire that weaves through his whole life and carries it through effort and stumbling to ever higher holiness.

Thus on Aug. 7, 1918, he writes: "Thus far this day I have managed to banish tepidity. My meditation was fairly well made. I served Mass and tried to realize what I was about. At Communion I tried to be fervent, but Oh, how cold, how icy! Why don't I burn with love? Oh Lord, Thou canst read my heart. See my ardent desire to be perfect. Miserable, despicable, sinful though I am, sweet Jesus, do not reject me. Remember your promise: 'Ask and you shall receive' — burn my heart with thy love — I love to die for thy love! I long to suffer for Thee, yet I am unworthy of such exalted gifts. Grant that I may mean all I say."

Then every little fault, — like breaking silence, laughing at Matins (and I venture to say Our Lord Himself might be smiling in His Tabernacle at the awkwardness a novice is capable of in reciting the office), distractions at prayer, — all seemed a great unfaithfulness. And all through the pages of the Diary we find such accusations:

"See what your little Peter has done! So little good, — so much chaff!

"But I mean well, — but I am weak. Do You strengthen me, O Jesus Let me be a great Saint only to love Thee."

To be a great saint! Little by little this desire was taking shape and ever and again it finds vent in the daily notes. Only it grows in clearness and earnestness, as experience from day to day shows him what it means to be a saint, — as all illusions were gradually worn away by the impact of temptation and difficulty and human weakness.

Gradually the fundamental weaknesses of his character, — weaknesses that may be but strength unmastered, — became clear to him. And even so early in his spiritual life we find him praying for that quality that later became so characteristic of him: peace and tranquility. The first time I noticed it is in an entry for Dec. 5, 1918:

"Today I became a little vexed and nettled at the Libera. O Jesus, forgive. Give me that peace and tranquility that characterized all your actions."

In every entry almost, even when tabulating his faults and grieving

over them, there flash through evidences of an unusual insight into spiritual truths, — an insight that makes us suspect very strongly that he was already living by the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Could the intensity of his love for God and the savor of that love in all God's dealings with him be accounted for otherwise, — or the insight revealed in such an entry as this:

"Dec. 6, 1918. Preparation for Holy Communion a little negligent. When shall I, my Eucharistic Lord, realize what Thou art! When shall I possess Thy true love!"

And when he was unable, next day, to give the time he would have wished to decorating Our Lady's altar for the feast of the Immaculate Conception, it is not merely as a duty missed that he views it, but as something touching his "Mother" intimately:

"Sweet Mother," he writes, "how I longed to decorate the altar for you; but oh; 'twas not to be so. . . . Do not be offended, Mother, I love you just as much as before; but I didn't get the time to do it."

Little by little these yearnings to love Our Lord as much as possible — restless as they seem till now — flowed into the smoother stream of conformity.

"Divine Jesus," he says on Jan. 6, 1919, "my only desire is to do Thy Holy Will, — to give Thee pleasure," He felt the need of this all the more as he began to see the traces of awakening ambitions, too human alas, even in his efforts to achieve holiness. Many a note in the Diary bears witness to this.

"O Jesus," he prays, "when shall I be like Thee and like Thy St. Thomas, — modest, simple, humble, reserved? O Jesus, You can do it; I am powerless, but You are strong. . . ."

"Oh Jesus, Thee alone, Thee alone!" he exclaims in his entry for March 8. "Oh, how I would love You as You have never been loved before! Oh Jesus, hear the panting of a wayward little soul that really desires to love You. O Jesus, hear me!"

Love seeks the presence of the loved one. And so from ardent desires to grow in the love of Our Lord, springs naturally in Father Etzig, the desire for heaven. One is surprised at the earnestness of these longings, — which later, when it becomes clear that only through death do we enter into the possession of heaven, make him love even the hard thought of death, — to die young.

"Oh, how beautiful must the heavenly music be if earthly music is

so entrancing! (Father Etzig had a keen enjoyment of music and an unusual desire to learn, a desire which he sacrificed for the work put upon him by obedience, — the Will of God.) Ah Lord, how I sigh to be dissolved in Thee, to love Thee eternally, to sing always that sweet and harmonious canticle of love! Ah Jesus, when will I go to Thee? . . . When shall I enter into that eternal light? When shall I nestle contented upon Thy breast? Jesus, I die because I live away from Thee. Let me be Thy victim of love, Thy victim of sacrifice, even as Soeur Therese (The Little Flower) was, and let me languish with desire of the eternal hills, . . . When, ah when?"

His devotion to our Blessed Mother, even then, was tender, constant and practical. He speaks of her simply as "Mother." Just a random glance finds these lines under March 24, 1919:

"Sweet Mother, I must yet tell you that I could not finish my Seven Dolor Rosary today. I tried, — but you saw how rushed I was. You're not slighted, are you, Mother? No, I know you're not. You know how I love you, and oh, never let me do anything that may in the least injure or hurt you."

Toward the end of the Novitiate he read the life of Blessed Louis Grignon de Montfort and resolved that on the day of his profession (Aug. 2) he would likewise "make the act of total consecration to Mother."

"O Mother," he prays, "make a saint out of me, — oh yes, a great saint. You can do it."

Finally the day he longed for so much, — the day of his religious profession, — approached. A great trial preceded it in the form of a severe pain in his spleen, accompanied by headaches, which made him "walk the corridor through the night." "Prayed to Mother to take away the pain," he notes, "and give me sleep. Did it. Many thanks, dear Mother!" It returned, however, and racked him even on the day of Profession. Yet it was a day of exultation. He confides to his diary!

"Tried to make profession with my whole heart. Yes, Jesus, take all, all, all. I am Yours now. Let my every action, thought and word be for You.

"Poverty, chastity, obedience! Oh, Lord, I can give You no more. Oh grant that I may withhold nothing! Give me Yourself, O Jesus, and let us be one in body and in soul."

Next day, Aug. 31, 1919, he left De Soto, Mo., in order to begin

his studies at Oconomowoc, Wis., — the House of Studies of the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Fathers.

### STUDENT DAYS

Life in the Studentate is considerably different from that of the Novitiate. In the Novitiate there are no studies or classes; no sports; no contacts with the world; the atmosphere is entirely subdued and religious. In the studentate the intellectual atmosphere is surcharged with discussion and emulation; sports, as providing required exercise for growing bodies, are indulged in, with all the consequent noise, exhilaration and rivalry; contacts with the world, though reduced to a minimum, are rendered necessary; reading covers a wide range from scientific to entertaining. Here, as is evident, the building of spiritual character done in the Novitiate is put to the test; here it must be developed to still higher and lasting perfection.

Father Etzig seemed to realize this quickly. From the first he set his goal:

"Prepare yourself for the priesthood," we read in one of the first entries in his diary. "Start now. Offer your studies for souls, — the souls which by Divine Providence you are to save. When meditating on the Passion, imagine yourself a priest, saying Mass, absolving, anointing, and so on, just as it is suggested. Ask God then to make you a good priest. Pray for your souls, — the souls awaiting your help."

With ardor he plunged into intellectual work. His notebooks still remaining, — voluminous, carefully written, intelligently planned, give us an idea at once of his mental caliber and of his persevering labor. He was known from the very beginning as a "plugger." Not content with the required studies, he longed to reach out into every field, — languages, science, history, — to gather whatever might be useful to him in his cherished work for souls. Soon he noticed the repercussion upon his spiritual life.

"Are my vocal prayers too many?" he asks himself, on Jan. 25, 1920. The long, edifying list of prayers he said daily during the Novitiate was impossible now, indeed. "Is not my mental prayer enough?" In a little while he will find the right adjustment; for we see him going over the list and modifying it.

"During the week," he continues, "I recalled how fervent I once was in praying for sinners and the dying. How I used to perform my little mortifications at breakfast for heathen Asiatics, at dinner for tenement

children, at supper for Negroes, Alaskans and all others. Oh, how cool my devotion is becoming!

"Don't let your studies draw you from Jesus, but study with Mary and Joseph for Jesus. Ask St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Alphonsus and St. Bonaventure (great students all, and yet saints) to teach you how to do it."

A few weeks later we read again: "It came to me today how tepid I have grown. How fervent I was a year ago, how careful about little mortifications, — and now! O Jesus, I shrink from the great task before me. Ah, do You lead me back to the path of former fervor and keep me there."

This is the dissatisfaction of a noble soul striving for a high ideal; the dissatisfaction that is a spur to greater achievement. All the time his spiritual life was growing in depth and clearness.

No fault escapes his notice; the causes and remedies are marked. Thus on May 20, 1920, he writes: "Get at these two faults: impulsiveness and neglect to recall the presence of God. Impulsiveness: say prayers very slowly, walk slowly, act deliberately. Soeur Therese fought hard against this — neglect to recall the presence of God: let your last thought at night be of the meditation. When awakening think of God immediately; say that you wish to do all for love. Think of meditation . . . " and so on.

His devotion to our Blessed Mother grew steadily in warmth and intimacy. Witness this beautiful address:

"O Dream of earth! O how beautiful must my Virgin Mother be! The earth sparkles in her glory and we poor men look up and see a magnificence peerless in its splendor. O Mother, when shall I come to you and see your glory? Shall it never be? Oh Mother, I cannot imagine that. I know I'll be there some day. I am thy little child and must not the babe be with the mother?"

His love of God still burned high. We miss now the longer effusions we found in his Novitiate entries; but they become more practical. Everything is made an act of love; from morning to night every act practically is given its spiritual meaning and intention. This we read (Aug. 25, 1922):

"Henceforth I promise: 1) To say on rising and kissing the crucifix: Jesus take care of Peter today or he'll play you a trick. Sweet Jesus, no sin today (from St. Philip Neri); 2) Not to drink water from 1:30

to 4:30 p.m. in honor of the Passion; 3) To invoke Guardian Angel when leaving cell; 4) To stand sometimes during Spiritual Reading in honor of the Ecce Homo; 5) To greet the Blessed Sacrament every now and then from my room. . . .” And so on.

Thus, without his realizing it, he was achieving a constant union with God.

In 1923 a more or less continued pain in his chest and shoulders made him suspect tuberculosis. A doctor, whom he consulted, assured him there was none but — “You are a fit subject for it.” This made him reflect much on death and made him feel that he would die young. If at first the thought made him sad, he was soon resigned, and even broke out into most tender and beautiful desires for heaven — “to be with Jesus and Mary.” This thought recurs with surprising constancy — and is re-echoed in some of the last notes in his diary.

In September, 1923, after pondering, during the semi-annual retreat, the resolutions he would make, he settled upon these:

- “1. I will be a man of prayer;
2. I will be a man of study;
3. I will be a man of duty.”

These resolutions remained with him ever after; every retreat he comes back to them.

On May 7, 1924, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, he was ordained to the Priesthood.

#### “A PRIEST OF FIRE”

This was the significant phrase he always used. That evening he wrote in his diary:

“Oh Lord, I have tried to live so as to fit myself for this great dignity and now when thoughts of unfitness, audacity, and of entering uncalled come upon me, I pray Thee, O Lord, dissipate them and perfect Thy work and grant that I may never deviate from that ideal which Thy Sacred Heart holds out to the priest: ‘Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, model of the priestly heart, have mercy on us.’

“And, Lord, when clouds settle and gloomy prospects dampen my spirit, I beg You to infuse into my soul the peace You wished to Your Apostles: ‘Peace be to you,’ — and to recall to me the special assistance of the Blessed Spirit which the ordination brought down upon me.

“O Lord, with your Sacred Oils still moist on my hands, and the thrill of that solemn imposition still upon me, I beg you to make me a



worthy priest. Let all my thoughts center around Your Eucharist; let all my actions have their point of convergence in your Sacred Side."

About this time he wrote these beautiful lines:

"Good Lord, I ask that all my days  
Be spent for Thee and Thine;  
Beloved, grant their blessed hours  
May reach Thy Heart divine.  
Let not my foolish love of praise  
Rob work or prayer from Thee;  
Jesus, from pride, from self, from sin,  
May all my days be free."

On July 25, 1925, he left the Studentate in order to begin his Second Novitiate. This having been completed in January, 1926, he was appointed to teach at St. Joseph's College, Kirkwood, Mo. A long and successful career seemed to be before him; but after the close of that school year, he was told to go to Rome for post-graduate studies in Theology.

#### ROMAN DAYS

Father Etzig had the soul of a poet. It is no wonder then that his entries in the Diary during those days — from October 1926 to August 1928 — spent in Rome, teem with exuberant descriptions of the sacred and historic places he visited. He revels in them. But it is the spiritual side that always attracts his attention. And it is characteristic of him that if there was a pious association attached to any shrine — he wished to join it; if a relic could be gotten, he obtained it; if prayer-leaflets were distributed, he secured one.

It is quite clear that, despite the heavy toll studies took of his time and attention, he made great strides in the spiritual life during these years. The Diary gives abundant evidence of it, and it is with great reluctance we abstain from quoting.

At Rome he lived at San Alfonso. It is in this Church that the original picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help is preserved. Kneeling before the picture a great thought came to him.

"O Mother," he writes, "how I would wish to write for your honor, under your title of Mother of Perpetual Help. How I long to plant your picture in as many places as possible and spread devotion to you. This devotion must become the devotion of our own U. S. A., and I would like to do my share towards that end."



In the light of events, this almost looked like a prophecy.

PROFESSOR OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY

In August 1928 Father Etzig returned to Oconomowoc—a Doctor of Theology. He was appointed professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Redemptorist Fathers Seminary there, and in September took up his work. At heart he always remained a missionary,—longing to bring souls, and especially the most unfortunate,—to God.

This zeal—this burning love of God—made him indefatigable. Even though his classes, for which he prepared scrupulously, claimed much time, he did enough apostolic work to occupy an ordinary person. I can barely list them here. Eight years were allotted to him by God—and during those eight years he assisted on Saturdays and Sundays in various parishes, gave conferences to religious communities, delivered lectures to various organizations, and served as confessor to a number of communities. He preached at least 13 retreats to religious and lay-people, conducted a number of Forty Hours, Novenas, Triduums and other exercises. Lenten Courses and Tre Ore Services were yearly duties.

On his return from Rome he was also appointed Librarian at the Oconomowoc Seminary. This was an old interest of his and now he studied modern library science and methods so thoroughly that he soon became an authority. When in 1931 the Library Section of the Catholic Educational Association was incorporated as the Catholic Library Association, he was chosen its first Secretary. He served two terms—until in 1934 he was chosen president. His last public act, in fact, was the direction of the Convention of this Association, at Easter time, at St. Louis. He had an unusual gift of organization and leadership.

But, what most satisfied his heart, was his work in the service of Our Blessed Mother. The resolve he made before the miraculous image of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in Rome, he was providentially enabled to carry out. To him, directly, or indirectly, is due the wonderful spread of the Devotion in Wisconsin. In January, 1934 he preached a Triduum to introduce the Tuesday Devotion in St. Sebastian's Church, Milwaukee. It was like lighting a fire. It spread from one church to another—from the city to the rural districts—from one diocese to another. He himself established the Devotion in fifteen churches.

From 1931 until his death he was a regular contributor to THE LIGURIAN. In that year he began his series called "Gathered at Dawn"

## THE LIGUORIAN

—a series of biographies of saintly children. It was really a labor of love—for he was kin to these innocent and saintly souls. The series proved most popular.

Thus he seemed to be still far from the peak of his work. Much was still to be done and his mind full of zealous plans. The end came suddenly—as it were, in the midst of a sentence. On June 8, 1936, God called him. More and more had the thought of death become familiar to him in late years; more and more did he meditate upon conformity to God's Will. "Lord, take me, all, all, all . . . Do with me what Thou wilt," recurs in his later retreat notes. . . . God's Holy Will that seems so mysterious to us at times.

That afternoon Father Etzig accompanied two Fathers on a trip in a canoe. He never returned. Unaccountably the canoe capsized in one of the deepest spots on Lake LaBelle. The two were saved by clinging to the canoe until help came. Father Etzig slipped off without a word—unnoticed, silent.

It was a feast day of Our Lady's—the Mediatrix of all graces—a title he loved.

## VITAL STATISTICS

Do you know how the average person's life is spent? If you live to be 70, you  
Sleep for 23 years  
Talk for 13 years  
Eat for 6 years  
Wash for 5 years  
Spend 23 years in pleasure.

But the most vital of all statistics is unrecorded here: How many of your years are spent in the state of sin?

## UNEXPECTED WISDOM

A referendum was recently sought from American film stars on the hypothetical question:

"What would you do if some day you found yourself with nothing but a single dollar in your pocket?"

Una Merkel answered as follows:

"I would go to a church and give the dollar in alms, remembering that God sees even the fall of a sparrow."

## PERFECT ALIBI

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Some people need alibis—and cannot produce them. Others have alibis but would rather be “on the spot.” Mira Conley had an alibi.

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F. J. Kinsella, C.Ss.R.

ABOUT six o'clock one Saturday evening in late June, when little gray clouds began to redden in the western sky, Doc Wilson and his pal Joe Murray pushed off from their pier and headed for the deep waters of Lake Glencoe in quest of bass. Doc Wilson, not a very small man, with black closely cropped hair and a round red face which beamed a message of health and cheerfulness despite the even focus of solemn blue eyes, was an enthusiastic fisherman. He was one to enjoy the quiet of the summer sunset, and to marvel at the beauty of the tinted waters or the riot of color in the evening sky. But tonight the trip was a failure. Doc was tired after a trying week at the office, in Edgewood, after long nights of bridge and eighteen holes of golf that afternoon.

His companion made no secret of his disgust, and after landing his second bass, five pounds of dynamite, Joe Murray called off the trip. They tied the boat to a pier, covered the outboard motor with a piece of greasy canvas and an old washtub, and entered their cottage.

“Next time I go fishing with a dismal dentist, let me know,” grumbled Joe.

“You’ll get over it,” remarked the dentist. “I’m dead-tired, and I am going to turn in for the night. If any one tries to reach me tell him I’m sailing for the South Seas. Tell him anything, but don’t let him disturb me.”

“You crab my fishing trip, then you want me to play servant. All right, crab, I’ll tell ’em you dropped dead from a forced smile.” The words were hardly spoken when there was a determined ringing of the phone.

“Now remember,” Doc cautioned. Joe took the phone.

“Hello,” he said in his usual gruff manner, “I, who? Naw, he’s in Little Rock, Arkansas. What? Well, how did I know you saw him at the club this afternoon. No, he’s turned in for the night. Somebody die? Then it’s not important. Oh, all right, I’ll call him. . . . Doc, it’s Dave Condon. Says you have to do him a favor.”

"What do you want at this hour of the night," Doc fairly bellowed into the mouthpiece.

"One of our guests sprung something in her jaw. She's in distress, and the party's at a standstill. Help us out?"

"NO!"

"Fine. We'll drive down in fifteen minutes."

Resigned to the inevitable, Doc got out his car and drove to his office on West Main St.

Mira Conley was not a really beautiful woman, although there was something very striking about her eyes, — sharp, luminous, brown eyes. Her oval face was crowned with great clouds of soft black hair, her cheeks were a picture of health and her body lithesome and sturdy. Fundamentally and despite her St. Louis background and social environment, Mira Conley had never lost the rustic touch of her Iowa home. To Doc Wilson she was merely jaw, a mouth that refused to open wide enough, a bad tooth, uncontrolled saliva and a person who was robbing him of sleep.

"I'll have to pull that tooth," he said laconically.

"Must you?"

"The nerve is exposed. We'd have to devitalize it; that's not good policy — will cause infection of the blood stream, may lead to death."

"Oh, just stop the pain for tonight; I'll try to rush in later."

FIFTEEN minutes later there remained but the faint redolence of perfume to testify that a sparkling, invigorating vision had disappeared in the shadows of the June night. Doc was to see more of Mira Conley. She happened to be related to Dave Condon and the young assistant parish priest in Edgewood.

Doc met Mira frequently that summer, but it was not until late in November that things really began to happen. The Condons were wealthy. Their mansion in a suburban town west of St. Louis was a spectacle of beauty, taste and simplicity. In the fall of the year it was the scene of many elaborate social functions. At one of these Doc happened to be talking to Dave's sister Margaret when Mira approached, attired in a smart dinner gown of jade green chiffon.

"You've monopolized my dentist long enough," she smiled at her cousin. "Come, let's dance." They walked to the dance floor.

"You know you are quite beautiful tonight," he said.

"Yes, I know. So try again."

"I was going to say you are a grand dancer, but why lie?"

"That's better. You're too devastating with innocent city girls aren't you?" she remarked with a touch of irony.

"Iowa farm girls, if I may correct. Let's dance over to the hall, grab some wraps and duck the party. Game?"

"Always," she said.

They went to a fashionable place near University City. They danced. They dined. They danced again. Over coffee and cigarettes he said:

"I know a Paul Conley in Chicago. He drinks and beats his wife. Relative of yours?"

"He does nothing of the kind. And he's my uncle."

They talked of books they had read, people they had met, shows they had seen. Their likes and dislikes were strikingly the same. They exchanged remarks not very complimentary, but not very sincere. They said sharp cutting things that were not so sharp and cutting after all. Doc's soft voice and quiet correct language kept pace with Mira's crisp, impulsive remarks. Beneath it all one might see the bond of understanding form. And one felt that they might fall deeply in love, and in the next minute might just as readily quarrel endlessly over the slightest trifle.

The next night, Sunday, Doc and Joe Murray drove back to Edgewood. The dentist was unusually quiet, and Joe, who operated several fashionable hotels and who was wont to look at life over the rear end of a fishing scow, taunted Doc with being in love.

It all happened suddenly when Doc was in St. Louis some weeks later. It was a Saturday night, and a theatre party had been arranged. The trouble began after the show when Mira suggested dining at the "Blue Bonnet", a notorious night club. After an argument, Doc agreed reluctantly. There is no need to describe the Blue Bonnet. The whole atmosphere of the place put Doc in a bad temper. And when it became crowded and thick with smoke, and when the music became cheap and jazzy and the floor show vulgar and offensive, Doc opened the argument anew.

"Let's get out of here," he said to Mira.

"Oh, sit down," she commanded peevishly.

"You enjoy a place like this?"

"What do you think? Please sit down and be nice."

"Can't in a joint like this. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Say, who do you think you are?" she demanded hotly.

"That's one for you to figure out. I'm too good for a place like this which happens to be too cheap for a girl like you. Coming?" Doc quietly strolled away from the table and did not return. Mira at first cried; was contrite, but then anger and a certain pride began to command her mind and to dictate the policy of her heart until it would be a long long day before John Joseph Wilson, the dentist, would find himself forgiven.

Often that winter Doc Wilson found himself arguing that he never was in love with Mira Conley. Once he thought of driving down to St. Louis to arrange a treaty of peace. Another time he considered writing Mira a sweet, placating letter, and just as quickly resolved to write a provoking, sarcastic one. Then he determined to give up thinking of her completely. But that was before Father Martin, Mira's cousin, met him one day and congratulated him.

"I know Mira about as well as any person can. She has fire and temperament, folks agree. But you have taught her a good lesson. Don't give in." The priest then recommended to the Doctor to pray to the Mother of Perpetual Help. He gave him a few ideas about "marriages made in heaven"—a favorite theme of his—and induced Doc to practice greater devotion to the Mother of Perpetual Help. Doc agreed, though not entirely convinced that the great Mother of God would interest herself in the affairs of his heart.

MIRA had come to St. Louis, a far cry from her humble Iowa home. She had progressed rapidly, and had reached the near peak of feminine success. She was paid an enormous salary by the Lawson Investment Co. And whether it was all logically connected or not the facts remained: she was independent financially, idle domestically, rather lax religiously. A whirlwind existence was hers and into it had marched the quiet Edgewood dentist. His simple code of living, his reserved candid manner seemed to offer something which Mira had not found in the big city's gay flutter of human emotion and tangled living. Consequently she found it difficult to rid her mind of the "preachey, hick dentist." She was spending her days and nights nursing a grudge and in becoming ingenuously sour on life. Imperious, proud, somewhat spoiled, she had been rankled no end by the calm rebuke Doc Wilson had given her that night in the "Blue Bonnet."

Six months had elapsed. Then one Saturday morning for no good reason, Mira decided to visit her cousin, Father Martin, the assistant pastor at Edgewood. His parents were in Europe, and she had heard that he had turned their summer home into a boys' camp and was spending his vacation there.

"Glencoe Lodge" was on the extreme north end of Lake Glencoe. Here the youngsters of his parish had a twenty acre estate at their command. The well kept lawns, the tennis courts, the boathouse, launch and canoes, facilities for baseball, fishing and swimming made the spot ideal. Several college men had volunteered to help and this afternoon the entire outfit had organized a hike to another lake nearby. Father Martin had been enjoying the luxury of solitude as he sat out on the back lawn reading his Office.

After a time he heard a slight trudge on the white gravel path and a young woman, attired in a gray swagger suit of wool crepe came into view.

"Am I disturbing you, Father Jimmy?" she asked.

"Why, Mira, not at all. How have you been? Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"I'm just fine. I came out from the city. I walked up here."

"That's a long walk for a city girl — over three miles."

"I'm bent on roadwork and the great outdoors. I thought Margaret was to be at Lake Milton. Telephoned, got no reply, so I decided to see you before returning home. It's such a lovely day, I didn't mind the hike. Margaret has talked so much about this camp of yours, you must show me around."

The rich foliage of the trees, the faint fragrance of the flowers, the nervous chirping of the robins and the sad quiet cooing of the doves added color and atmosphere to the drama of early summer. Mira and her cousin walked down to the sloping lawn because it was attractive there when the sun was not too hot, when the soft cool wind was from the west, when the grass was fresh and tender and shining green. They had reached the lakeshore and were standing at the water's edge where the channel forms and enters the once ornate boathouse. For the moment conversation became difficult. Several outboard motorboats were bouncing up and down the center of the lake in thunderous speed tests.

"Oh look!" exclaimed Mira, sighting a larger boat. "They are heading this way." They watched a fifteen foot level riding runabout pace



two great streams of white foamy water in the direction of the boat-house channel. The robust voice of a four cylinder marine engine idled down to a whisper and the two on shore could now distinguish its brilliant mahogany finish and nickle-silver hardware, but could not identify the passengers.

"'Lo, Father Jim. Just the man we want to see." Dave Condon had jumped up on the landing. "Well, I'll be. Hello, Mira, darling! Imagine meeting you in the little hick town of Edgewood. I say, Doc. Leave that submarine alone for a minute. Mira, you know Doctor Wilson — an old friend of the family. Doc, Miss Mira Conley. Want to shake hands and start fighting at the bell?" If Mira was embarrassed, it was not evident in her quiet, even smile. As for Doc, he was noted for nonchalance. He could keep his face in any situation — dentists can, you know.

After the two men and the priest talked over a proposed fishing trip which Father Martin was unable to make, the priest said:

"Mira wants to put up at the hotel tonight. Do something about it."

About five o'clock, the two men whisked Mira away in their DeLuxe Runabout, across and down Lake Glencoe to the Murray-Wilson cottage. En route Dave had said:

"Young lady, you are not going to the hotel. You may go to Lake Milton, but the place is deserted. Here's the idea. Doc and I have a date. Joe Murray is in Chicago. So why not take the cottage for the night." Mira remonstrated but finally agreed. Father Martin was saying Mass for her the next morning, and she wanted to attend.

At dinner Mira was calmer than usual; dignity predominated in her every movement. She talked alertly, argued with Dave about the seasoning of the meat and, while seemingly unaware of past disagreements, almost completely ignored Doc Wilson.

"I'll leave the keys to the car," Doc said. "Sorry we have to run off. You may find it tiring here and might want to go for a drive."

"You are very kind." Her voice betrayed no emotion.

Mira, when alone, settled herself on the low divan in the soft amber glow of the silken shaded lamp, the nearest approach to a feminine touch in a room adorned strictly according to bachelor taste. In one corner was a blue topped card table with chips and glasses, and in another was a small organ. Mira tossed aside a magazine and moved to the desk near the window where she dialed the radio. At the desk her



eyes caught sight of a cardboard chart covered with thin blue paper lettered in gold with the words "Dentist's Calendar." Deft fingers removed the blue cover, and eager brown eyes saw an artistic desk blotter "smeared", as Joe Murray had expressed it, with pictures.

In the center was a large photograph of herself, around which was a series of snapshots grouped according to the seasons of the year. There were pictures of herself in a brown snow suit, in a sport frock of early spring, one of Doc and herself in the Easter Parade taken in front of the St. Louis Cathedral. There were others: driving Doc's car, paddling a canoe on Lake Milton, one of Joe Murray and herself in Joe's fishing scow.

Mira slowly replaced the flattering, tell-tale chart. Her face molded into a faint smile and her first reaction was to remember that the chart had been covered with dust. Afterwards, she told her cousin Margaret that she had felt as one robbing a treasure chest of no possible value but sort of personal and sacred. At the time, however, the episode made her "quite pensive", and in that mood she was impelled to walk out on the lawn in front of the cottage to share all kinds of thoughts with the black and silver lake, with the laughing, curious little stars, with the ugly old moon and the solemn, understanding hush of the June night. The scene was perfect to debate the question of dentists. Were they sane? Did they really have hearts and souls? She could admit assets in dentists as a genus but about the dentists of Edgewood . . . .

The telephone interrupted her thoughts.

"Hello," Mira said a bit unsteadily.

"1001?" came the voice of a woman.

"Yes."

"May I speak to Dave Condon?" Mira recognized the voice of Margaret.

"He's not here. Where on earth are you?"

"I'm down at the station. I thought it was you, but couldn't imagine."

"I have the cottage to myself. What? Oh, its a long and picturesque story. I'll drive down and pick you up. Yes, I'll tell you all about it."

TWO weeks later, after a trying day at the office, Mira returned to her apartment and found a typewritten letter awaiting her. Tired eyes brightened a bit in noticing the Edgewood postmark. Then bewild-

erment was written in the sharp focus of brown eyes and the queer wrinkle above her nose. She read:

"Mira:

I answer your letter. I think you over-estimate my kindness. About the chart—I can't understand how I failed to conceal it. Have you any arguments against bringing it up to date? I'll be in St. Louis next Saturday.

Doc.

For a moment Mira was puzzled. Then she wrote in her large, bold handwriting the following note:

Doctor Wilson:

I'd love to hear you argue, but you must present my letter before being admitted. You overlooked something important.

Mira.

She thought that extremely clever, and it was.

The following Saturday Doc presented her letter. She examined it closely. She identified her stationery, her typewriter. Then she read: "It was sweet of you to treat me so royally. I do not know how to thank you. I'd never be writing this if I hadn't been so surprised and pleased in seeing your "Chart". . . . Signed M.C."

"Doctor Wilson, you are the victim of a harmless forgery." she smiled.

"What do you mean?" he asked coldly.

"Simply that I did not write this. I have a perfect alibi. M. C. equals Margaret Condon. I think I'll take legal action."

"Well of all . . ."

"But wait a minute. I'm going to correct this letter. Now watch closely." She wrote: "I think you're perfect . . . Lovingly, Mira."

"I've been miserable for months, so Margaret took a hand."

Doc's smile of gratitude was not for Mira, nor Margaret, but for a certain lovely creature in Heaven who loved to be invoked under the title of Perpetual Help.



"Life is a game of whist. Some play for riches, and diamonds are trump. Some play for love, and hearts are trump. Some play for power, and clubs are trump. But the fourth hand is always held by death, who takes all the tricks with spades."—*Bern. Vaughan, S.J.*

## AID FOR MOTHERS

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More and more widely acclaimed as the Saint for mothers — has been St. Gerard Majella in recent years. Here are the reasons why.

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D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

THE world today is in need of wonder-workers. It has a great many troubles that only a spiritual reawakening can heal; and because the ordinary means of arousing men to the spiritual idealism that overcomes all evil have failed, it is necessary that they be startled and overcome by the power of God working through the instrumentality of His saints. The world needs a St. Francis of Assisi to demonstrate in miraculous ways the folly and futility of greed; it needs a St. Thomas More to challenge deceit and hypocrisy and double-dealing in high places; it needs a Little Flower to prove in magnificent ways that nothing matters to men save loving and serving God.

God has provided these wonder-workers to transform His world when all else has failed. But they must be known and received. Now this is the story of a wonder-worker who on earth and in heaven seems to have been given the task of restoring to our modern world the Christian ideal of motherhood that has been lost to the hearts of so many in our day. He is St. Gerard Majella, the anniversary of whose death in 1755 is celebrated on October 16, who was called already in his lifetime the wonder-worker of his age.

"Women shall be saved by child-birth," said St. Paul, meaning that they would be called upon to unite this particular form of suffering to the sufferings of Christ upon His cross and thus bring down copious redemption on their sex. Yet God's will to the contrary notwithstanding, many seem willing to forego salvation rather than gain it at such a price. A wonder-worker for such as these is needed, and St. Gerard, by increasing evidence of his miraculous protection and healing and aid in mothers' special needs, seems to be the wonder-worker required.

RATHER a strange saint, we may think, to be raised up by Providence for this particular task. He was a humble Redemptorist laybrother, vowed to chastity from early youth, called from this life before he reached his 30th year. Surely it is remarkable that such a saint

should be given the power to grant the innumerable and astounding favors to mothers that the records reveal. Yet a close scrutiny of his life reduces much of our wonder, and reveals many characteristics that seemed but an earthly training for a heavenly interest in the vocation of motherhood.

Motherhood is a sublime vocation, and for the fulfillment of one's vocation, Gerard Majella showed in his own life to what lengths one should be willing to go. He felt, or rather seemed to know as a boy that God was calling him to be a religious. In his circumstances many a youth could have found excellent excuses to evade the call. He was poor, and what money he earned as a tailor he insisted on sharing with the poor. He was frail in health, even emaciated in appearance, probably giving all too clear evidences of the tuberculosis of which he was to die at so early an age. Twice he was refused admission among the Franciscans, and that even though he had an uncle high in the Order to speak for him if he would. It looked like a hopeless cause.

Then the Redemptorists came to the little town of Muro, where he lived, to give a mission and to them he applied. They were but a struggling new community, wondering whence bread for the morrow would come, and so the superior of the band answered Gerard's appeal with a rather hasty "No." One glance at the fragile youth seem to convince him that such a novice could become nothing but a new burden on their few resources.

A year later the Redemptorists returned to Muro, and Gerard applied for admission into their ranks again, and again was refused. This time his mother and sisters took the matter of quenching his thirst for the religious life in their own hands, and locked him in his room till the Redemptorists had left town. But Gerard was not daunted even by the forceful measures of family love. The day the Redemptorists left Muro, he tore up the bedclothes in his room to make a rope and let himself down from the window and ran after them, leaving a cryptic note for his mother and sisters to the effect that he had gone to become a saint. He caught up with the mission band, and arriving on the dead run, cried out like a little boy: "Wait for me!" In the middle of the road the argument began all over again, until, wearied like the householder in the Gospel at the youth's importunities, the Superior of the Redemptorists at last gave in. He sent Gerard to the novitiate, but relieved him-

self of all responsibility by giving him this note to carry to the novice-master: "I am sending you a useless lay-brother."

And the "useless" lay-brother so speedily convinced St. Alphonsus and the Redemptorists of his genuine sanctity and his capacity for all the varied tasks of a lay-brother, that a most unusual dispensation was granted him: his novitiate was shortened and he was received as a full-fledged member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

So Gerard fulfilled his vocation after many a set-back and many a trial. Today in heaven, he probably sees the vocation of motherhood beset with more obstacles and dangers than any other; the fear of poverty and pain; the criticism of friends and neighbors and even relatives; the dislike of responsibility and toil; the forgetfulness of the real and ultimate values in life and of the awful meaning of sin. He sees all these things, and urged on by the joy he found in the final fulfillment of his own difficult vocation, he is probably to be found kneeling at the throne of God and saying: "Let me prove to mothers the glory of their vocation; let me open their eyes and show them even by miracles, since all else has failed, the joy of fulfilling your will."

**B**UT there is one particular incident in the life of St. Gerard Majella that probably has had more to do with making him a friend of all good mothers than anything else. Had he not been a saint, the incident would very likely have turned him out a woman-hater, but being a saint, he naturally permitted it to have the opposite effect.

It was just a year before he died. People were already calling him a saint because they were witnessing daily the wonders he wrought. He could read the innermost secrets of hearts and often told perfect strangers of sins they had long concealed in confession. He was already showing a predilection for mothers and infants, and to the astonishment of doctors had brought many back from the brink of the grave by a Sign of the Cross or a word of prayer. But miracle-working does not mean confirmation in grace, and so the saint had to be tried against pride.

One day a poor unfortunate creature, a woman of low character, who had recently become a mother, went to St. Alphonsus, founder and Superior-General of the Redemptorists, and accused Gerard of having broken his vow of chastity. Gerard was called at once, and, faced with the accusation, remained silent. Interpreting his silence as admission of guilt, Alphonsus condemned him to strict solitude, and, worst of all,

forbade him to receive Holy Communion. For nine months he suffered this punishment without a word of remonstrance, until his accuser, frightened by a serious illness, went to St. Alphonsus and attested under oath that she had lied and that Gerard was innocent. During the months of his undeserved punishment, many of his friends had urged him to justify himself, but he had a simple answer for them all: "There is a God. It is for Him to see to that."

Having borne this bitter trial at the instigation of an evil woman, Gerard eagerly returned to his favorite work of imploring God's help for virtuous mothers in need. Anyone can read the record of his power: in the long decree of his canonization, unimpeachable witnesses attest many of these miraculous interventions. His task seemed to be that of teaching mothers to say the words that he had spoken during his nine months of suffering: "There is a God: it is for Him to take care of me." And if it required miracles to prove that such confidence was not in vain, why, miracles there had to be.

**I**N recent years, just as the need of such a saint has been becoming most apparent, devotion to St. Gerard has been growing rapidly. The late Cardinal Begin of Quebec, recognizing the special power of the saint in helping mothers, asked and obtained from the Holy See the privilege of having his feast celebrated yearly throughout his archdiocese. In many countries, particularly in Belgium and the United States, there are many districts where the first recourse of a mother in danger is to the intercession of St. Gerard. It matters not what the danger may be, or whether it be to mother or child, the saint seems to have power to grant aid.

St. Gerard, however, has not yet been proclaimed by the Church as the universal patron of mothers. The Holy See waits till the devotion is quite universal before such a proclamation is made. Recently a League of St. Gerard was formed in the archdiocese of Toronto, to make the saint more widely known as the mothers' saint, and to combat the agencies at work in promoting race-suicide. Almost all Redemptorist Fathers possess relics or medals of their humble lay-brother saint, and many can speak of favors that have been granted to those who used them with confidence and devotion. Mothers who are in need, or who are interested because of past favors received, may write to The Liguorian for medals, prayers, or further information.

# TRAVELOGUE

## ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

T. A. Barthistle, C.Ss.R.

CHUNK — Chunk — Chunk — It was the old paddle steamer — churning up the Irrawaddy's muddy waters — kicking off at Mandalay. We had cast off our moorings and had pushed out into the wide stream. We were cut off now from the old Burmese Capital. On the bank stood a group of men and women who were waving the Redemptorist Missioners farewell. Six weeks before these folk shook their heads and smiled. "Australian missioners coming here!" "Listen to them morning and night for a fortnight! Catch Mandalay doing that!" "Tell these priests to go home."

But the scene changed. . . . Now it was . . . "Father won't you stay longer? Won't you come back again?" Stay, we could not. Come back again — yes, a thousand times yes, if that should be God's Holy Will. We had grown to love Burma, as everyone who knows it must love it.

Chunk — Chunk — Chunk — we were paddling fast down the stream, and the thick smoke of the steamer threw a veil over a scene that is now but a sweet memory.

Our steamer was a flat-bottomed craft with cargo floats either side. She was a hundred and sixty feet in width and about the same from stem to stern. She was indeed the mail boat due in Rangoon in five days, but still just one of the flotilla that glide along the Irrawaddy's happy stream for a thousand miles. This river is the highway of the land and along its banks the life of Burma throbs. . . .

"We were on the road to Mandalay where the flying fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay."

The dry season was coming to an end and the river was low. We were winding along a carefully charted channel for fear of sand deltas. When in June the rains fall in torrents, the river rises and spreads her mantle for miles. With sandy banks and a couple of hundred inches of rain it is not to be wondered at that the contour of the river is ever on the



change. Quaint little villages with their thatched huts and shady palms rest along the banks — whilst green corn fields and gleaned rice lands show that agriculture is not neglected in Burma.

**C**HUNK — Chunk — Chunk — and we were around the bend heading straight for Yenangyaung — face to face with a "Forest of oil derricks." For miles there is nothing to be seen but "spires" and tanks, and a pipe which runs off oil to Rangoon some three hundred miles away.

Many little towns we called at and it was always the same. The gangway down and the Burmese stream in upon the decks. It is market day when the boat comes in — for she is the hawker of the Irrawaddy. The village folk come to sell and buy. Our top deck from the very start has been filled with passengers.

A chalk line about ten feet by five feet is their cabin, and a mat and blanket their bed. Alongside of them are their wares. Fruits and vegetables — spices and nuts — baskets and mats — lacquer ware, powder-sticks, pretty silks and shawls — all for sale along the route or at Rangoon. At meal time they cook their own rice and curry in the little fire-cans they have brought on board. The marketeers are mostly women, for women are the brains and the business people of Burma. However it would not be fair to infer from this that women neglect homelife in Burma. Burmese women love their homes and fill them with beautiful children. I was in a Catholic home where there were twenty in the family. The home was a happy one — there were swings and see-saws and the like for the recreation of the little ones. And a picture of the Sacred Heart was in a prominent position that the world passing by might see. The mother still had the charm of girlhood about her and the children were the healthiest and happiest that one could wish to see. They had all been to Holy Communion that morning — certainly God was in their hearts and in their home. This is the type of Catholic homelife so readily to be met with in Burma.

We have strayed from our deck scene but we can easily come back to it again. There they sat on the deck — smoking and chatting and laughing — all peaceful and happy. The women folk were clad in the pretty costume of the East, some with their hair done in that quaint Burmese style — just a black cylinder of hair mounting five or six inches high on their heads. Flowers adorn this and perhaps a veil.



Others were without this coil, prepared to place their goods on their heads. For the Burmese head can carry the same loads that we can lift with out hands.

We steamed down quickly on the fast flowing stream — passed by fishing smacks and the solitary huts of the fishermen and left the floating rafts far behind. These cargo rafts for the most part are teak logs chained together and covered with bamboo; on this flat surface a tiny neat hut is built, wherein the master lives. In a month's time perhaps they would be at their journey's end — at the mills where Kipling watched the "Elephants a pilin' teak in the sludgy, squidgy creek." We did not go so far — as our interesting journey was over at Prome and we immediately took the train for Rangoon.

After a few days more we were on the "Karoa" sailing back to Singapore.

**T**HOUGH Burma has some connection with India still it is a country apart, and its people are distinct in stock and tongue and disposition. They are a Mongolian race who came from China long ago. People from the Yunnan and other Chinese provinces still come over the border and always the urge is to move south. Time has given them different languages and different customs, and so we find to-day in Burma, Karens, Chins, Kachins and Burmans, comprising one big family. There are thirteen million people in that land — eight million of whom are Burmans. Most of these people are Buddhists and comparatively few have come to know and love and serve the one true God in His one true Church.

Burma is a home of Buddhism. Lift your eyes in that extraordinary land and before them will rise a pagoda, a temple in which an image of Buddha resides. By day their gilded tops glimmer in the strong rays of the sun, and at night some of them are resplendent with electric light. Pagodas deck the hilltops and grace the river defiles. They stand on the craggy peaks of mountains and seat themselves in the honoured positions of cities and towns and villages. In some places they number thousands. At Pagan on the Irrawaddy four hundred and fifty cluster around the beautiful Ananda which stands "white and dazzling, shining like a jewel in the sky." Some pagodas are like mighty cathedrals, but they range down in size until we find them no larger than a monument in a city park.

Another feature of Burmese Buddhism are the Phoongies, their monks. They can be seen from dawn till sunset throughout the length and breadth of the land — clad in their yellow robes — barefoot and bare shaven heads. Each morning with his begging bowl the phoongy goes collecting his sustenance for the day. The people are generous and consider it a blessing to give. Sometimes the phoongy takes his alms in his bowl and then, before the giver, against whom he cherishes some grievance, empties it out again. This means excommunication, the severest censure that can fall upon a Burman.

Every Burmese man who is a Buddhist becomes a phoongy for some short period of his life. Twelve thousand of them are said to be in Mandalay alone. Their learning and their asceticism, as a rule, would not overawe anyone. Many of the Burmese are very much afraid of spirits — the nats, as they call them. Some of these nats are good and some are bad. However they think it worth while to keep on good terms with all. As we passed along the country roads or through the villages we saw the nat shrines. They were just little boxes on a staging before the home, or under their sacred banyan tree where the nats live. The things the nat likes he will find in his shrine. Ma Nemi is a nat of five years old. She is a little Burmese maiden who died an orphan. And being motherless and alone she asks every mother to be her mother. And she plays in the cradles of babies. So people offer her dolls and children's play toys.

Buddhism has a terrible grip on Burma. Though their sincerity is weakening, still they consider their religion part and parcel of their nationality. And to give up the one is to give up the other. This is the cursed force that holds them from accepting the faith of Jesus Christ, Our Lord and God. In spite of their fanatical attachment to their false belief — to know these people is to love them. They are light-hearted children of nature — generous and kind. They make the stranger welcome and laugh away his cares. They simply live for the day, and care little about the morrow. The Burman who amasses wealth, — the farmer who has an abundant harvest and good prices — the merchant whose venture has been successful — the rich broker or money-lender — does not hoard his gains. He spends them on jewels for his wife and daughters, — on silks for the ladies and himself, — on building a monastery or a pagoda, or on dancing or feasting.

The Burmese are an enthusiastic people, and when they love they

love with a mighty love — but beware when their anger stirs in hate. The da — their long knife — is often dyed in human blood.

Rangoon was the first glimpse I had of Burma; and I beheld a modern city set in the rich coloring of the East. The latest models in cars and buses purred through rickshaws and gharrys. And alongside luxurious hotels and cafes the Indian had arranged his bazaar. There are many Indians in Rangoon, they have come from Madras and Calcutta across the Bay. These were the people — in the main — that I saw in the mornings, rising from the cold pavement where they had taken their night's humble rest.

**W**HAT did gladden my heart in Burma was to see the progress of the Church there.

The Rangoon Cathedral is a perfect gem. Alongside this magnificent structure stands the de la Salle College. Sixteen hundred boys are being educated there, and such figures must speak for themselves of the wonderful work done by the Brothers there, and elsewhere in Burma.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have several colleges in that city, where a couple of thousand girls are educated. In these schools they have children from every section of the community in cosmopolitan Rangoon. One day I happened to be in one of these boarding schools, where I met a Parsee girl. She was a stout girl, and in her big full face shone goodness and virtue. She was not a Catholic though her heart yearned for the faith. The catechism she knew word for word by heart, and took the prize for it in the examination tests. However she did not attend the retreat given in the school, and, her ardent desire to do so being known, she was asked why. The answer came — "I'm afraid of a 'blowing up' from my parents." Poor girl. She would be a Catholic but her people are the hindrance in her way to the fold of Christ. This is an isolated incident out of many similar and even sadder cases throughout Burma. The Parsees have great character and make excellent converts — but converts amongst them are rare, for the caste system holds them still in its deadly grip.

The Little Sisters of the Poor are in Rangoon. No more need be said for the Little Sisters are the same everywhere. About three hundred good old people find a happy home with the Good Mother and the Little Sisters who care for them. Old Burmese women were seated on the floor puffing away at big long cigars. It was novel to me at first, but I

soon became accustomed to the sight: why! cigars are placed in the mouths of babies in that extraordinary land!

Well! we had to hurry through Rangoon, and pass on to Mandalay.

The four hundred mile train ride gave us very little to see, for a great deal of it was passed under the shades of night. The shutters and doors of our compartment were well locked before we retired to rest. Otherwise bamboo rods would come a-stealing through the windows and on them our personal belongings would be hooked.

We arrived without adventure at our city in the very heart of Burma. We were now only a stone's throw from India, China, Annam and Siam. Mandalay is one of the old capitals of Burma, and in its midst, stands the palace of the last of the Burmese Kings. Now it is the haunt of owls, and the lazy lizards loll upon its ramparts, while a stagnant moat lies coiled around its walls — all a silent monument to a Burma that is dead and gone.

Old buffalo carts jolted along its dusty old streets. Bazaars sometimes choked up the roadway, and again, phoongies and pagodas everywhere. To the street pump or well, people come for water, and men fill their pig-skins to carry away. Many a time as I saw those eastern women by the well I thought of the Samaritan woman of the Gospel. Another scene which called to mind the Sacred Scriptures was the ox on the rice field treading out the grain.

I was not in the jungle, and hence saw little of Burma's flora and fauna. There was little occasion for monkeys, tigers, bears or elephants to cross my track. Certainly I saw glorious flowers in Burma but they were grown in gardens and did not come from the wilds. From Mandalay we passed to Maymyo. It is the hill station some four thousand feet above sea level. There it can be very cold and we had to wear our warmest Australian winter clothes.

We were high in the hills, but not so high as we might have been, — for the Chin hills can lift their lofty peaks twelve thousand feet in the air. They bow before the mighty Himalayas yonder.

One day during our mission at Maymyo a French Canadian priest, a member of the French Foreign Mission Society, came down from the snow regions. He tramped down on foot and on foot would trudge back again. The whole journey would take about a month. He came for his Kachin converts, who had left the higher hills for Maymyo. This priest was one of many working for God and souls in those wild isolated

parts. They work alone in a hard field where the results are not always quick in coming. But they do come in God's good time.

The priests of the French Foreign Mission have accomplished mighty things in Burma. Their task is no easy one for each priest has to learn to speak at least two foreign languages fluently, — English and then either Burmese, Chinese or Tamil. They have paid and are paying the price of souls. They have martyrs for the Faith among their ranks in Burma.

It was my privilege — for which I shall ever thank the Good God and His Blessed Mother—that I was on mission work in Burma. Thanks be to the Good God for the blessings of that mission—the first ever given by the Redemptorists in Burma. May we crave a daily prayer from the reader of these lines—that the day may come and come quickly when the heart of Buddhist Burma will throb with love for Christ our King and Mary, Queen and Mother of us all.

#### PEN PICTURE OF "A HEEL"

A Prefect of religion in a certain college, quoted by Burton Confrey, posted this colorful description for his students:

Take everything, grab all you can, holler for more, lie awake nights scheming how you can get more—and give nothing in return. Demand, beg, plead, and when you get it, forget it. Cry 'unfair, foul play,' if you stub your toes or get a bloody nose; but give bloody noses and dig pits in the pathway of your friend. Be holy as Job and roll your eyes to the stars when you want something; run amuck after you get it.

There's your heel. There's your bum sport. And the rottenest sport in the calendar is the man who is a poor sport with God, as every sinner is!

What have we got that God hasn't given us? Sin—that's all. Our eyes, our ears, our hands and feet, our whole being comes from Him; our capacities for enjoyment He has given us for good ends; our mind to know, and our heart to love, are His good gifts; our courage, our prudence, our moderation, our fairness, our faith, our hope, our love, these and all our virtues He has infused into our souls to make us noble beings.

We cannot earn a dollar without His help. We cannot say a word unless He gives us breath. We cannot lift a finger without His support. We cannot even sin, we cannot use our free will to rebel against Him, unless God in His patience sustains life and strength in us—as He does to give us a chance to repent and come back to Him.

Is a sinner a heel? Think it over.

## Three Minute Instruction

### THE BIBLE

There are still many Christians who base their Christianity on the Bible alone. This is evident from the fact that even outside the Catholic Church, no book sells more copies annually than the Bible. However, to try to make the Bible the sole source of one's religious guidance is unreasonable and even impossible on the following considerations:

1. The Bible itself nowhere says that in it alone is to be found the whole secret of salvation. Christ said to His Apostles "He that heareth you, heareth Me,"—He nowhere said "He that readeth the Scriptures shall be saved."

2. God inspired the Bible, but did not intend it as a full formulary of belief and practice, like a Catechism or creed. This is evident because Christ Himself never wrote a line—surely a strange omission if He intended men to be saved by the written word. None of the New Testament was written until some time after Christ's death, some not till several score of years—which leaves a rather strange gap in the continuation of his work if He came to teach and save through the written word.

3. Men who have claimed the Bible to be a sufficient source of all religious truth, have in history given the strongest refutation of their claim. "Religion," they said, "pure, complete, simple, unchangeable, comes solely from the Bible,"—and within 100 years after the proclamation of this principle there were over 200 different and inconsistent religions all claiming to be the simple, clear, unchangeable religion of the Bible.

4. If it were not for the infallible Catholic Church, no one today would know what the Bible was, nor what books were inspired by God. Out of innumerable books pretending to be lives of Christ, and histories of the Apostles, and their letters to the faithful, the Church used the authority given her by Christ to decide: "This is authentic and inspired and this is not!" Bible Christians are unwittingly accepting the authority of the Church when they accept the Bible as universally constituted today, even though they deny this in words.

To Catholics, the Bible is a prized possession, inspired by Almighty God, written to confirm and testify to many of the truths Christ taught His first disciples, and to make unmistakable the authority and organization of His Church. Catholics are granted indulgences for reading the Bible, because, preserved from misinterpreting its difficult passages by an infallible Church, they can gain from it light and inspiration for their lives.

## Quadragesimo Anno

### THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

*Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.*

Another thing that must be considered when fixing the amount of wages, is the condition of the business, and of its managers and owners. It would surely be unjust to ask so high a wage that paying it would mean the ruin of

**Secondly:** the firm,—with all the evils this would bring upon the workingmen. But if the firm is losing money on account of lack of enterprise, bad management, or disregard of modern technical and economic progress, the owners are not thereby justified in bringing down the workers' pay. If, on the other hand, the firm cannot afford to pay just wages because it has been forced to sell its products at a loss, then those who are the cause of this condition of affairs are guilty of grave wrong; for they are thereby robbing workingmen of their just wage, in forcing them, by sheer necessity, to take less pay than that which is their due.

To meet successfully and to do away with evils such as these, laborers and business men should work together with harmony of plan and action; and in this worthwhile effort they should have the aid of prudent guiding action from the State. If still, in spite of all, no remedy can be found, then counsel should be taken as to whether the concern can really go on doing business; or whether something else cannot be done to help the workingmen. Deliberations such as these are most serious and delicate, and need a spirit of harmony and Christian understanding to unite the business men and workers, and carry them together to success.

Finally, the requirements of the common good must be considered in determining the amount of wages. We have shown above how greatly it will help the

**Thirdly:** common good if laborers and salaried employees be enabled to save a portion of their earnings, over and above what is required for their ordinary needs, and so gradually come to own some little property. There is, however, another consideration of hardly less importance, and one most specially adapted to our times:

**Requirements of the Common Good** namely, that men who have the power and the will to work really be given the chance to do so. Now this depends, in no small measure, on the existing rate of wages; for if wages are maintained within reasonable limits, there will be ample opportunities for work; but if they are not so maintained, unemployment will result. This is, in fact, a matter of ordinary experience and observation: whenever wages are either lowered or raised unduly, the result is unemployment. This curse of unemployment, affecting countless multitudes (as we are forced to witness during Our Pontificate) brings misery and temptation to the poor, eats up the prosperity of nations and endangers public order, peace, and tranquility throughout the entire world. It is therefore a sin against social justice if wages are lowered or raised unduly, with a view to private profit, and with no consideration for the common good; on the contrary, social justice demands that hearts and hands unite to bring about in the very best way possible a system of wages which will provide employment and the means of an honest livelihood to the very greatest number of workingmen.



## THE LIGUORIAN

A proper proportion between the various kinds of salaries will also be of value in this matter; closely connected therewith is a proper scale of prices for the products of the various occupations, — agriculture, industry, and the rest. When all this is done as it should be done, man's various economic activities will combine and unite into one single organism, becoming members of a common body, and bringing each other mutual aid and perfection. For then only will the economic and social orders be what they should, and attain their proper ends or objects, when they procure for each and all of their members all those goods and benefits which can be supplied by the wealth and resources of nature, technical skill, and a truly social organization of the economic order; and these goods and benefits should be sufficient to supply all the necessities and reasonable comforts of life, and to raise men to that higher level of prosperity which, provided it be used with prudence, is far from being a hindrance, but actually is an immense help to a life of virtue.

### QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

*Speaking of how the condition of the business must be considered in fixing wages, what does Pius XI do?*

Two things: *first*, shows *what things* are to be considered regarding the condition of the business; and *secondly*, *how* they are to be considered. Note that in this section the Pope is speaking of a *maximum* wage; he is presupposing that a minimum family wage is paid; if it cannot be paid, he declares that either the firm should go out of business or else find "some other method of providing for the workers."

*What things are to be considered?*

Pius XI gives three general things: *first*, whether the firm can pay the wages demanded without being ruined; *secondly*, whether the firm could do better business, and pay better wages, if the owners were more energetic and enterprising; *thirdly*, whether the employers themselves are the victims of injustice from creditors or competitors.

*How can the employers themselves be the victims of injustice?*

In two ways, says Pius XI: *first*, if they are burdened with unjust debts — such as excessive taxes, unfair mortgages, etc.; *secondly*, if they are compelled to sell their products at a loss — i.e., if they are the victims of unfair competition, of monopolies, "chain-stores," etc. Note that the consumer may share in the guilt of "grave wrong" mentioned, if he unjustly favors the chain store, etc., which thus victimizes the smaller business man.

*Speaking of "how" these things are to be considered, what does Pius XI do?*

He indicates four ways: *first*, unity of plan and action on the part of the workmen and employers together; *secondly*, aid from the State; *thirdly*, if not even a minimum wage can be paid, then a choice should be made between closing down the firm, or finding some other method of providing for the workers; *fourthly*, he urges unity of spirit between workers and employers.

*How can the State give aid in this matter?*

By demanding that minimum living wages be paid; by banning unfair competition, etc. Note that the N.R.A. did good work in this regard.

*What else can be done "to help the workingman"?*

One way would be if the firm could open up new markets, or find new uses for its products, thus escaping killing competition; another might be more care-



## THE LIGUORIAN

fully planned production, better designed to meet the demand. If the firm must really go out of business, then efforts could be made to have the government provide public works to employ the workingmen; or finally, "consumers co-operatives" could be formed.

### *What are "Consumers' Co-operatives"?*

Note they are distinct from producers' co-operatives, such as the various Farmers' Co-operatives; in Consumers' Co-operatives three features or elements constitute the society; *first*, the consumers, i.e., the ordinary people, combine to buy commodities or even raw materials in large quantities, at the wholesale price; *secondly*, they establish stores, or even factories, to make and sell the commodities, *at the ordinary market price*; *thirdly*, at stated times the profits of the business are divided into two parts: one goes back into the business, and the other is divided among the consumer members, not on the basis of the capital they contributed, but *on the basis of the purchases they have made at the co-operative store*; over and above this, they receive interest on their invested capital. Note that in Producers' Co-operatives, returns are made not on the basis of goods consumed, but on the basis of the capital or labor invested in the business.

### *What are the advantages of Consumers' Co-operatives?*

The main one in which we are interested here is that it increases the family fortune of the workingman: at stated times he receives his dividends, which amount to a kind of rebate on all the purchases he has made at the co-operative store; this added income enables him either to "put by some little property," as the Papal program desires, or else enables him to make additional purchases of things needed in the family; these added purchases, in turn, amounting to increased economic "demand" will have the effect of increasing "supply,"—i.e., of helping business in general, making employment for more workingmen, and promoting general prosperity.

### *Have Consumers' Co-operatives proved practical?*

Very much so; they began in 1844 with the "Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers," a group of 28 flannel weavers in Lancashire, England; the idea then developed and spread until in 1935, Consumers' Co-operatives were to be found in 40 countries, and counted a total of one hundred million members; in England, for instance, 45% of the entire population is associated with Consumers' Co-operatives; in Sweden, 33%; in Scotland, 55%. In the United States, the members number only about two million, mostly gathered into national groups: Swedish, German, etc.

### *May Consumers' Co-operatives be considered as the ultimate objective in the Catholic Social Program?*

It seems not; Consumers' Co-operatives are not the *ultimate* objective for either the individual, or for society at large in the Papal Program. The Papal objective for the *individual* is that he become an owner of private property; Consumers' Co-operatives will help him to this up to a certain point; but beyond that point, or ultimately, they will tend to substitute *common* for private property. The Papal objective for *society at large* is the formation of the "orders," as will be explained later in the commentary; Consumers' Co-operatives are distinct from the "orders," and rather belong to the "free unions" which Pius XI says may be formed within the "orders."

### *What does the "Code of Social Principles" of Malines say on this point of the condition of the business?*

In n. 138 it states: "The second point to consider is the condition of the business. It would be unjust to ask a wage so high that payment of it would result in ruin for the firm. On the other hand, the minimum salary does not always give the full measure of justice. Over and above the minimum, various causes will demand an increase, either in justice or equity: a) Production that is more abundant, more perfect, or more economic than usual; b) The more or less considerable prosperity of the firm to which the laborer is attached."

*How can "the closest union and a Christian understanding" between business men and workers be made practical here?*

The "Code of Social Principles" of Malines answers this question in n. 141, by proposing that between employers and workers in each organized industry collective labor contracts be made, and standing committees be formed (with equal representation of employers and laborers) to settle difficulties that may arise; it also proposes that such contracts be made and committees be formed by the representatives of all the various industries in a certain locality or country.

*Speaking of the "requirements of the common good," what does Pius XI do?*

Consideration of the common good demands, he says, that wages be not limited merely to what is sufficient to support the worker and his family, but that two other things be taken into consideration: *first*, the wage should enable workingmen to become owners of property, as was already indicated at the end of the Section in the Redemption of the Proletariat, and the beginning of this section on A Just Wage; *secondly*, the wage should be such as to reduce unemployment (assure employment) to the greatest number.

*How can unemployment be reduced, and employment be assured to the greatest number?*

Pius XI gives three measures for this: *first*, wages maintained within reasonable limits, neither too high nor too low; *secondly*, a proper proportion between the various kinds of salaries—i.e., for skilled and unskilled, manual and clerical labor; *thirdly*, a proper scale of prices.

*How do excessively low wages cause unemployment?*

By reducing the workingman's power to buy what he needs; the goods produced by industry thus remain in the warehouse, new production is not ventured upon, and workmen are laid off.

*How do excessively high wages cause unemployment?*

By resulting in high prices, which, in turn, result in a falling off of sales, cessation of new production, and consequent laying off of workmen.

*What is noteworthy about the Conclusion of this section?*

Pius XI, in speaking of "man's economic activities" forming "one single organism" and "the economic and social orders" "attaining their proper ends or objects" is defining what is the end assigned by the Creator for the entire economic order, as was stated above in the Introduction to Chapter Two.



*Do your best, loyally and cheerfully, and suffer yourself to feel no anxiety or fear. Your lives are in God's hands. He has assigned you your place. He will direct your paths. He will accept your efforts if they be honest. He will bless your aims if they be for your soul's good.*

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## St. Dymphna

The article written some months ago by Rev. D. J. Corrigan on St. Dymphna, patroness of the mentally afflicted, has had interesting results. From Trinidad, British West Indies, a lady writes:

Some time ago, a friend lent me a book entitled *THE LIGUORIAN* of October, 1935, a popular monthly magazine according to the spirit of St. Alphonsus. . . . Whilst reading, I came across St. Dymphna, patroness of the mentally afflicted on page 462. . . . I pondered well this little story. . . . I must relate to you my reason for doing so. I have a dear friend whose only son, a boy of about 20 years, got afflicted mentally about a year ago from a severe shock until he lost his mind and his doctor ordered him to the mental hospital. . . . His mother, his aunt and myself have been praying for him all this time in Novena on Novena. . . . So when I read of St. Dymphna I went to the mother and suggested that we start a Novena to St. Dymphna at once. . . . We have no prayers so I said I know some prayers and we will offer them to her from what I have read of her. . . . I started and I made three Novenas which ended on the day of her feast May 15th. At the beginning of June there was a great change in him and on the 23rd of June I received a letter from his mother telling me that her dear boy had come home once more and that he was quite rational. I was delighted and at once said the *Te Deum* and *Magnificat* in thanksgiving which I will continue to say as a Novena. . . . I will be very thankful to receive any further information or prayers of St. Dymphna, only let me know how much it will cost as I am a poor old girl of 60 years, an invalid with an injured spine for the last 20 years; but God's Will be done. . . .

From San Antonio, Texas, Father L. J. Webber writes:

Not long ago *THE LIGUORIAN* had an article on Sts. Gerebern and Dymphna, quite interesting to me because in my native place, Sonsbeck near Hanten, there is an old church dedicated to these saints, more especially to St. Gerebern. There is quite an interesting story connected with the origin of this devotion. . . . The people of Hanten and Sonsbeck had been making annual pilgrimages to Gheel for years; when the Hanten people got the bright idea of taking the relics to Hanten where they might reverence them without the tedious trip. . . . During the night they took the silver shrine, containing the relics of St. Dymphna, and the wooden one with those of St. Gerebern. Finding the silver shrine too heavy, they left it in the field and hurried on with the lighter one. . . . Coming to Sonsbeck they engaged an ox team to convey the relics to Hanten. However, the animal would not start up the hill, but obstinately stopped at the old church, then called St. Catherine's. This the people interpreted as a sign from God that the relics were to be put in the church. After some years, however, the people repented of their pious robbery and most of the relics were returned to Gheel. . . . The feast of the two saints is annually observed in the middle of July, with procession through the fields the closing Sunday. . . .

A shrine in honor of St. Dymphna is being erected at the Mercy Hospital in Canton, Ohio, where relics of the Saint will be preserved and venerated.

# Catholic Anecdotes



## WHAT A PAGAN WOULD DO

Touchingly the following story, from the *Field Afar*, tells the difference between pagans and Christians in the far East, as recognized even by the former pagans themselves.

A missionary was met at his door by one of his converts.

"Well, Ah Sun," he said, "did you want to see me?"

"Yes, Spiritual Father. Our water buffalo died, what shall we do?"

"Sell your pig," advised the missionary financier.

"I just sold him today," answered the boy.

"What about your chickens?" returned the padre.

"Your Reverence ate the last one on the mission visitation," reluctantly admitted Ah Sun.

"How much do you need anyway for a confounded water buffalo?" asked the priest.

"Only fifty dollars."

"How much have you got?"

"Eighteen; but we had to pawn two quilts and sell the pig to get that much."

"What? Pawn your quilts in the middle of winter? You will catch pneumonia and die!"

"Well, we shall starve to death anyway, if we don't get a buffalo to plow the fields."

"But why come to me? I'm as poor as you are. How do pagans get along in such cases?"

"Well, Spiritual Father, if we were still pagans we would have no difficulty, we would not know about God or the Ten Commandments. We would sell my sister, — the little one that Father is so fond of — only eight years old, to the Flower Boats for \$40."

Ah Sun got the money for the buffalo.

## CATHOLIC LEADERSHIP

Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick, in a syndicated column in the Catholic papers, tells this story about a well-known older member of one of the present day major league baseball teams.

The writer and this particular ball-player were talking over the chances of a youthful member of the team.

"Do you think he'll make good?" the player was asked.

"I hope so," he answered. "I like him. He is a friendly sort of fellow. However, what I am most interested in just now is his making good in the Catholic league."

"What do you mean?" asked the writer.

"Just that," was the answer. "Sounds funny, doesn't it? It isn't funny at all, it is serious. He's a Catholic, but you would hardly know it if it weren't for his name and his admission that he is. The trouble is he doesn't take his Catholicity seriously enough. Some of us Catholics are trying to show him how wrong he is.

"I was mad last Sunday. He promised me he would go to Mass. I got him in a corner last night and I gave it to him straight from the shoulder, told him just what I thought of him.

"'Here,' I said, 'I have tried to help you in every way I can and you didn't keep your promise to me. You sit in the lobby on Sunday morning reading the funnies but you just can't walk a few blocks to church to hear Mass.' We have made some headway with him. I firmly believe that before the season is over we'll get him set straight. Once he begins going, he'll be O.K.

"Unfortunately for him before he came with this club he did not come in contact with many Catholic ball players. I guess when he left home he became careless. Maybe he thought ball players who go to church are sissies. He has changed his mind about that. He is the only Catholic on this club who doesn't go to Mass on Sundays and Holy days."

We have heard slurs cast on the general religious practice of ball-players. But if we had Catholics like the spokesman above in other more sheltered walks of life, the Catholic religion would be flourishing indeed.



There is a greater greatness than the greatness of success, and that is the greatness of failure. For that is the greatness of being, without the encouragement of doing; the greatness of sacrifice, of which others less great may reap the fruit. — *Archbishop Goodier.*

# *Pointed Paragraphs*

## DREAMS AND VISIONS

The young shall dream dreams and the old shall see visions . . .

These were the words spoken long before the coming of Christ by the prophet Joel. They are being fulfilled now throughout the Catholic world. October is dedicated to the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions by the children of God.

The young shall dream dreams . . . The dreams are of a maiden whose loveliness only a dream can portray . . . She is kneeling before an angel, who is praising her beauty, exalting her name, promising that born of her womb shall be the Son of God . . . She is singing a song of gratitude that stirs the angels — of humility exalted, of the hungry filled, of a race redeemed — while she assists her aged cousin in her needs . . . She is humming in her rapture while she bends over a manger and looks into the eyes of a Babe Who is God . . . She is offering Him before an altar where the sorrow of sacrifice is lost in the joy that all her children shall be saved . . . She is clasping Him in the temple where He had been lost, foreshadowing the joy of every man who will find Him as a Saviour.

Such dreams the young are dreaming as they recite their Rosaries, with a joy that is like Mary's, that inspires them to the high idealism, the noble sacrifice, the zeal for the work of Christ which only they who have dreamed of Mary's beauty and the love of Jesus can know.

The old shall see visions. The old have known suffering, but they can see visions that give it a meaning and take all its bitterness away. The visions portray the Sinless One in His Agony and beneath the lash; they show Him accepting a thorny crown and a heavy cross for His shoulder; they picture Him opening His palms to the nails and His heart to those who drive them through. In the vision He speaks, and when He has finished no human sorrow has aught to say: "See — I have suffered thus for you; suffer a little for Me, that together we may die — and live!"

Dreaming dreams and seeing visions — where shall we end? Not

until we have looked upon His rising from the tomb, His entry into heaven, and our own; His sending of the Spirit to strengthen us and His angels to carry His Mother to her throne where she shall be crowned and established our Mother forever. Can life be too hard when there are dreams like these to dream, and visions to behold that are more real and realizable than all the other ambitions of mortal years?

Say your Rosaries and dream your dreams, O Christian souls! For the earth shall pass and the heavens fall, but these dreams of the young and visions of the old shall never fade till they be fulfilled!

### KEY TO A MORAL CODE

A recent issue of a very popular magazine illustrates one of its stories with a picture of a married man, the hero, in the act of warmly embracing a girl who is not his wife. Beneath the picture is the legend, taken from the running conversation of the story: "Can you believe," he is saying, "anything as beautiful as this can be wrong?"

If the editors of this particular magazine had taken special pains to seek out an incident in all their published material that would illustrate the decadence of contemporary morals, they could have found nothing better for their purpose than this. They probably took no special pains; probably they did not even recognize anything wrong with the picture; it appealed to them as a sure-fire stimulus to reader interest and so it appeared.

For all that, it provides a key for the interpretation of our degraded social conditions. Mentally, it shows our age to be under the 14 year old level that is sometimes boasted for it. The hero, representative of innumerable American "heroes", big and little, old and young, schooled and unschooled, has recourse to "the beautiful" as a sanction for what he knows (and seems to admit) to be nothing but cowardly infidelity. But where is "the beautiful" in an illicit love affair? He probably would not recognize real beauty if it were thrust upon him. But it is a nice word. It has a sacrosanct air about it. So he will call the effervescence of his passions and the delights of an illicit embrace something beautiful and thus gain for it the sanction of mental morons like himself.

Morally, the age that produces scenes like this (and they are not confined to magazine pages) is bound to be an age of libertines, perverts,



and divorcees. "Whatever pleases me," argue these grown up children, "is beautiful. Whatever is beautiful is good." It does not matter that such arguing destroys the everlasting beauty of family and home, the strong manly beauty of courage and self-sacrifice and fidelity, the exquisite beauty of chastity and charity. Children must have their pleasures, and if truth and reason stand in the way, truth and reason and everything based upon them must go.

But tell the editors of a popular magazine that they are promoting such rot, and what an injured air they shall assume. The magazine in question happens to be dedicated to the American home. Look ye to it — ye who are keepers of homes!

### A BRIGHT SIDE

Tales of massacre and desecration continue to pour out of strife torn Spain, but not so much publicity is being given to the widespread evidences of reawakened religious faith and fervor that are equally astounding. The struggle has become a holy war for those who are fighting against communism and anarchy, like that in which the Moors were driven from Spain centuries ago. Catholic Spaniards have been aroused to courage like that of the martyrs.

If you search carefully through the papers, you will now and then read dispatches like the following, printed in isolated corners:

"The Churches in insurgent controlled districts, are filled with worshippers . . . Catholic priests work day and night hearing confessions of those going to the front . . . The churches are so jammed that confessions are being heard on the sidewalks. . . ."

"Zealous Catholic youths between the ages of 14 and 18 are daily volunteering by the thousands to fight the red forces. Only the oldest and strongest of these youths, who wear the emblem of the Sacred Heart, are permitted to go into the battle line . . ."

"The father of seven children insisted upon fighting against the Socialist government, because, he said, it would be better for the children to be without a father than without a Catechism. The father was killed."

"Writing to the Vatican, an officer among the insurgents said: 'We are in the midst of a great religious reaction against the blood-thirsty acts of those who are profaning the Holy Church. Shouting "Glory to



Christ the King," the soldiers go into battle. Entire regiments can be heard reciting the Angelus.'"

Accumulating reports like these give promise that a new and stronger Catholic Spain will rise out of the awful trial that she is enduring now. Surely the blood of nearly 1000 bishops, priests and nuns who have up to this time been slain, will plead powerfully for a people that in death and destruction is being born again.

### THE SEED-PLOTS OF PREJUDICE

If all the lies about Catholics and their religion that have been circulated and handed down during the past three hundred years could suddenly be wrested from their hold on the minds of good people who have been brought to believe them, it is our conviction that 90 per cent of the bigotry and prejudice of the non-Catholic mind would disappear.

Consider this pathetic little incident, reported by *The Rock*. A certain good man, a pious Protestant, a zealous slum-worker in London, Mr. Carrington by name, died several months ago. In his will he left 500 dollars to The Protestant Alliance "to help them in their crusade for the inspection of convents."

For this he had a reason. In a London paper 70 years before, he had read a blood-curdling story which told of excavations made on the site of an old Carmelite convent in France. To the horror of the excavators they came in their digging upon "literally hundreds and hundreds of skeletons of infants" presumably murdered and buried there by the nuns.

In one of the next issues of the paper, which the reader of the above story either failed to procure or to read, the horror story was fully exploded. The place of excavation had been the site, not of a convent of nuns, but of a monastery of priests; and the skeletons found were those, not of infants, but of soldiers buried there for the simple reason that the place had long been a recognized cemetery.

The original story, however, clung to the mind of poor Mr. Carrington, through youth, middle life, and old age, and even in death he was bound to see that something be done about it by the Protestant Alliance before half the infants of the United Kingdom should be buried within the sinister walls of convents of nuns.

But such stories march on. Only recently a pamphlet entitled "Ad-

ventures of a Bible" has been published. It tells how a priest, a nun, and a Catholic lady, all unidentified, became Protestants on the spot when they were shown a copy of the Bible. The shock of seeing the Bible was too much for the priest; he had a stroke and died.

### A NEW MEDIUM OF DEPRAVITY

In an issue of the *Forum* of a few months ago, John K. Ryan calls upon an aroused conscience to do something about the debased state to which the comic strips of American newspapers have fallen. Here is the indicting catalogue he gives of their depravities:

"Sadism, cannibalism, bestiality. Crude eroticism. Torturing, killing, kidnaping. Monsters, madmen, creatures half-brute, half-human. Raw melodrama; tales of crimes and criminals; extravagant exploits in strange lands and on other planets; pirate stories; wild, hair-raising adventures of boy heroes and girl heroines; thrilling accounts in word and picture of jungle beasts and men; marvelous deeds of magic and pseudo-science. Vulgarity, cheap humor, and cheaper wit. Sentimental stories designed for the general level of the moronic mind. Ugliness of thought and expression. All these, day after day, week after week, have become the mental food of American children, young and old."

Surely the American citizen does little thinking who has not asked himself why all this should be. He must realize, as the author of the *Forum* article says, "that such things make their deep impression upon the plastic minds of growing children and have their dangers for the never-to-mature minds of countless adults." While there is a great to-do about the motion pictures portraying brutality and horror, while there are efforts being made to protect children from harmful reading, a form of children's amusement more popular than any other is allowed to descend as low as it is possible to go.

Many of the comics are no longer comical. They have left honest American wit and humor far behind. They are a real menace to the sanity, or at least the normalcy of the development of children's minds. A Legion of Sanity is needed to teach the newspapers a lesson in this field.



Trifles *do* count. The Association of the Holy Childhood, founded in 1843, has been the means of saving more than 18,000,000 babies.

# ✠-----LIGUORIANA-----✠

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### THE ROSARY

It is well known that the devotion of the most holy rosary was

revealed to St. Dominic by the divine  
From "Glories of Mary"

Mother herself, at a time when the saint was in affliction and complaining to His Sovereign Lady over the Albigenian heretics, who were at that time doing great harm to the Church. The Blessed Virgin said to him: "This land will always be sterile until rain falls on it." St. Dominic was then given to understand that this rain was the devotion of the rosary, which he was to spread. This the saint did with all fervor, and it was embraced by all Catholics; so much so that, even to the present day, there is no devotion so generally practised by the faithful of all classes as that of the rosary. What is there that modern heretics, Calvin, Bucer, and others, have not said to throw discredit on the use of the beads? But the immense good that this noble devotion has done to the world is well known. How many, by its means, have been delivered from sin! how many have been led to a holy life! How many have been prepared for a good death, and are now saved! To become convinced of this, we need only read the many books that treat on the subject. Suffice it to know that this devotion has been approved by the Church, and that the Sovereign Pontiffs have enriched it with indulgences. The rosary should be said with great devotion; for we may call to mind what the blessed

Virgin said to St. Eulalia, "that she was more pleased with five decades said slowly and devoutly than with fifteen said in a hurry and with little devotion." It is, therefore, well to say the rosary kneeling, before an image of Mary; and before each decade, to make an act of love to Jesus and Mary, and ask them for some particular grace. It is also better to say it with others than alone.

### INTERCESSION

That it is not only lawful but useful to invoke and pray to the

saints, and more  
From "Glories of Mary" especially to the

Queen of saints, the most holy and ever-blessed Virgin Mary, in order that they may obtain us the graces we need, is an article of faith, and has been defined by general councils, against heretics who condemned it as injurious to Jesus Christ, who is our only mediator; but if a Jeremias after his death prayed for Jerusalem, if the ancients of the Apocalypse presented the prayers of the saints to God, if a St. Peter promises his disciples that after his death he will be mindful of them, if a holy Stephen prays for his persecutors, if a St. Paul prays for his companions, if, in fine, the saints can pray for us, why cannot we beseech the saints to intercede for us? St. Paul recommends himself to the prayers of his disciples: "Brethren, pray for us." St. James exhorts us to pray for one another: "Pray one for another, that you may be saved." Then we may do the same.

# Book Reviews

## COMMUNISM

*Storm-tossed.* By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis. 197 pages. Price, \$2.00.

Father Lord's recent play, in book form, has all of Father Lord's usual sparkling style, but the story on the whole seemed to this reviewer to lack his usual "punch." It is a tale of Communists and Catholics in the United States today; on the title page, instead of a subtitle, Father Lord has put the incomplete sentence: "If Communists had the Truth—or Catholics had the zeal—" and perhaps it was his deliberate design to have the story too, come to a somewhat incomplete, unsatisfactory close in order to get Catholics (and Communists) thinking and working in the right direction. Still it seems he could have brought in something more concrete and definite on the Catholic side than the spirit of brotherhood and charity: the Catholic social program, like human beings, is made up of spirit and matter: charity is the spirit, but things like credit unions, consumers' co-operatives, just and fair labor unions, labor legislations etc., are the material element, —for even when not promoted by Catholics, they are in the Catholic idea. It seems therefore that Father Lord could have got some powerful material in the form of young Catholic labor leaders and their problems, young Catholic legislators and their ideals, etc., for his characters, and through them he could have shown that the Catholic idea, besides being one of charity and brotherhood, is also one of practical action. —R. J. M.

*What Catholicity and Communism Have in Common.* By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Queen's Work Pamphlet. Price, 10 cents.

The pamphlet points out not only the similarities, but also the discrepancies between Catholicism and Communism. Much is made of the fact the Catholicism and Communism arose at periods when there was much suffering among the poor; but the other similarities given could better be described as "similarities between Communists and Catholics" than

*Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.*

"between Communism and Catholicity." For example, it is said, "Both hope to correct abuses;" both "demand the essential rights of all men" (Communism certainly does not "demand the essential rights of all men"); "justice is the greatest of the virtues," says the Communist, —yes, the Communist may say so; but Communism, with its Gospel of class war, abolition of private property, violence and trickery certainly does not shine as a mirror of justice. Father Lord seems so concerned to speak mildly (not his usual style at all) in this pamphlet, that sometimes he almost leans over backwards. He says in one place, speaking about the power of the State: "Catholicity believes that power comes from the people, and property belongs to them." A few interpretations would be necessary to make that statement the expression of "what Catholicity believes."

—R. J. M.

*I Was a Communist.* A Story of Soviet Russia. By Alexis B. Liberov. Published by the International Truth Society. 10 cents. A forceful presentation, in the form of a conversation with a workman escaped from Russia, of the condition of the ordinary people in the Soviet "Paradise." —158 million Russians living like the slaves of the 2 million members of the Communist Party. —R. J. M.

## MUSIC

*Laudate Dominum.* A Benediction Manual. compiled by V. G. L. Published by Rushworth & Dreaper, Ltd., 11-17 Islington, Liverpool. Agents for U. S. A. J. Fisher & Bro., 119 W. 40th St., New York. 86 pages, price 90 cents.

"Laudate Dominum" presents a beautiful collection of hymns suitable for Benediction. Some of the pieces are borrowed from the Vatican texts while others are derived from ancient sources, many of them from the old English manuscripts. This book of carefully selected hymns not only serves to supply a great need in the choir lofts of our country but also offers a rare treat to the choristers who have become acquainted with

and learned to appreciate the pure and untainted melodies that date back to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We not only warmly recommend this booklet to choirmasters and directors but sincerely hope that it will find the first place amongst the books in use at Benediction, and that its sweet and simple little melodies will, in time, supplant the secular, and, we might say, barbaric airs that have filled our churches during those precious moments when God comes into our midst to bless us.—G. H. S.

#### POETRY

*A Chaplet for Mary.* By Edith Tatum. Published by the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, 328 W. 71st St., New York. 40 pages. 50 cents.

Three dozen happy little lyrics of Mary and Jesus are contained in this booklet. Many of them have appeared in popular magazines like the *Ave Maria*, *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, etc., and readers who have learned to look for Miss Tatum's poems there will enjoy having a collection of them from which to glean graceful thoughts and pleasant melodies.—D. F. M.

#### JUDAISM

*Judaism.* By A. Vincent, Professor of Catholic Theology at the University of Strassbourg. Translated by James Donald Scanlan, D.C.L. Published by B. Herder. Price, \$1.50 net.

This is not a book of controversy, as the author says in his introduction. It is a book of information for the general reader and of special interest for anyone who is pursuing theological or scriptural studies. The book tells how the thought and aims and life of the Jewish nation developed after the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem. How a small body of men with a set purpose succeeded for centuries in guiding the aims and regulating the lives of millions of Jews scattered throughout the world. It is simple, unbiased information given with scientific precision but written in a popular, interesting manner. Of special interest and rare worth is the information given concerning the formation, writing and explanation of the Talmud which is to Judaism what the Summa of Theology is to Catholicism.—E. A. M.

#### MARRIAGE

*Love, Courtship and Marriage.* By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. Preface by Archbishop Goodier, S.J. Published by B. Herder. 200 pages. Price, \$1.25.

There are two ways of mismanaging the matter of instructing and guiding young people through the turbulent emotions of love, courtship and entrance into marriage. One way is to put entirely too much stress on the "sex element," as though there were no problem in the matter save the physical and biological. The other way is to stress only the religious and supernatural element in young peoples' lives, as though God had not intended that they use the minds He gave them to work out many of their problems in a thoughtful, reasonable way. The supernatural life of grace through prayer and the Sacraments and sacrifice is built upon nature, so that the cultivation of the one should not preclude giving attention to the other.

Father Hull kept this well in mind as he wrote. That he understands human nature, no one who reads this book can gainsay. He speaks with the authority of experience with many souls, and with the certainty of clear simple reasoning to present an analysis of the nature of love, sex, the masculine and feminine temperaments, marriage and its demands, that will bring understanding and relief to many a perplexed soul. His chief aim is to lay down the requirements for happy and successful marriage and home life, but in the process he presents a study of youth and of the masculine and feminine character that is more penetrating in its psychology than that attempted in many books of much greater length. The book, in parts, may be a trifle above the grasp of many young people, but for all who really think, and above all, for educators and leaders, it will provide innumerable rules for guidance.—D. F. M.

*Prophets of Decadence.* Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press. Here we have in pamphlet form—1) the sermon preached by Cardinal Hayes in the Cathedral of New York last Advent in which he answered the plea for more widespread birth-prevention made shortly before in Carnegie Hall; 2) the resentful answer of 13 Protestant and Jewish clergymen who accused the Cardinal of unpatriotism; and 3) the answer to them by the Cardinal. This controversy was noted in most of the daily newspapers at the time, and represents one of the most forceful and authoritative statements of the Catholic moral stand on contraception of the year.—D. F. M.



## Catholic Events



### Persons:

*The Editor of the Philadelphia Record* was recently brought sharply to time by *His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty*, for an editorial on the Spanish rebellion in which the murder of priests, etc., was apparently highly applauded. Catholics of the archdiocese of Philadelphia were advised not to read *The Record* by the diocesan paper and from parochial pulpits. Shortly thereafter *The Record* rushed a second editorial into print in which the Spanish Government's action against Catholics was denounced, and the editor wrote to Cardinal Dougherty enclosing a copy of this editorial and stating that the previous one had been written before the "editors knew that the Catholic religion was involved in the revolution." The Cardinal closed the matter by acknowledging the letter and applauding the *Record's* final statement of principles.

*The Alumni of the Catholic University Law School*, holding their annual luncheon meeting early in September, launched a new organization to be called the St. Thomas More Society of America. It will be under the auspices of the Catholic University Law School, and will promote among members the high idealism of St. Thomas More. A St. Thomas More library will be established at Catholic University, and a Law Review will be founded in conjunction with the organization work.

*The Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati*, addressing a special meeting of the recent Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, urged Catholics to defend and champion the cause of the Negro and by means of a militant group to bring that cause before the public. For his own archdiocese, a special local inter-racial committee was formed to consider the problems of the Negro in Cincinnati and to promote a program of Catholic Action among the Negroes.

*The Most Rev. John Francis Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne*, has opened a national campaign for the erection of a statue of Christ in Washington, D. C. The statue is to be of heroic size, representing the desire of the American people to be faithful to the Christian principles on which this nation was founded. Steps have been taken to obtain a site and leading sculptors of the world have been asked to submit designs. The campaign will be brought to a climax on October 25, the feast of Christ the King.

*The Rev. Dr. John J. Burke, C.S.P.*, general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has been elevated by Pope Pius XI to the rank of Domestic Prelate with the title of Rt. Rev. Monsignor. He is the first member of a religious organization in America to be so honored. He belongs to the Congregation of St. Paul, whose members are commonly known as Paulists.

*The Catholic Boys' Brigade of the United States*, with headquarters in New York, has issued an appeal through its directors to all Catholics in the United States to join with them in a spiritual bouquet to be closed Thanksgiving Day, 1936, commemorating the 80th birthday of Pope Pius XI and in sympathy for the sorrow laid upon him by the persecution of Catholics in Spain and elsewhere. The spiritual bouquet will be sent to His Holiness.



## THE LIGUORIAN

*The Rev. Michael Kenny, S.J.*, widely known author, former editor of America, now member of the faculty of Spring Hill College, Alabama, observed the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society of Jesus on September 6th. Father Kenny was for years Regent of Loyola University Law School in New Orleans, and Governor Leche of Louisiana and several judges of the Supreme Court and of other Courts, who had received legal training under Father Kenny, attended his celebration.

*Mr. Arnold Lund*, author, critic, convert to the Catholic faith, is giving a lecture course in the graduate school of Apologetics at Notre Dame University this fall. The course is designed to train Catholic lay writers. Besides Mr. Lunn, the lecture staff includes Christopher Hollis, Shane Leslie, and other noted lay leaders.

*Hilaire Belloc*, life long friend of G. K. Chesterton and world famous author, has taken over the editorship of G. K.'s Weekly, published in London.

*The Rev. Joseph W. Heidel, C.Ss.R.*, who has been engaged in missionary work for the deafmutes of the South, has been appointed archdiocesan chaplain for religious work among deafmutes in the province of New Orleans.

### Places:

In *Lake Linden, Michigan*, when St. Joseph's parochial school with its 250 pupils was on the verge of having to close for financial reasons, the local Public School Board, realizing that the public schools could not bear the burden of 250 additional pupils, agreed to take over the Catholic School and to pay the salaries and running expenses as in the public schools. The Sisters were retained as teachers, and to satisfy the State Department of Education, religious instruction was to be taught outside regular school hours. The Most Rev. Bishop Plagens of Marquette granted permission for the arrangement as an emergency measure. Religious instruction is now given immediately after Mass in the morning.

In *Russia*, 40 Catholic residents of foreign nationality, mostly women, have been arrested on the charge that they encouraged Russian friends to attend Mass at the few Catholic Churches left open in Moscow for the foreign diplomatic personnel.

In *Puerto Rico*, the Socialist Constitution which had included a resolution tending toward the promotion of birth prevention, has been amended by the Socialist Party on the ground that it did not wish to enter into religious controversy with the people. "Everything that refers to the divulcation of methods of preventing conception" in the constitution has been eliminated.

In *Ireland*, protests are being recorded from all parts of the country against the anti-Christian Communistic movement in Spain, and at a public meeting in College Green, Dublin, the following challenging resolution was taken: "We brand Communism in Ireland as an alien conspiracy against the religious and civil rights of the Irish people and a fraudulent solution of the social question. We therefore say to International Communism: 'Hands off Ireland!'"

In *India*, leading national figures have sharply repudiated the charge made by birth-rate-reducer Margaret Sanger that the Catholic Church offered the only opposition to her campaign in that country. The editor of the *Indian Social Reformer* scoffs at the claim of Sanger that 10,000,000 Indian women were represented by the "All India Women's Conference," when only 120 women were present, and points to enormous attendance at opposition meetings held during her tour, under the auspices of non-Catholics.



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## L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

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Two colored boys were having an argument about ghosts. One of them claimed to have seen a ghost as he passed the cemetery the night before.

"What was dis here ghos' doin' when you las' seen him?" asked the doubtful one.

"Jes fallin' behin', Mistah; fallin' behin' rapid."

\*

Sergeant (at police station): "What! You back again?"

Prisoner: "Yes. Any letters?"

\*

Two tramps were stretched out on the grass.

"Boy," mused the first tramp contentedly, "right now I wouldn't change places with a guy who had a million bucks."

"How about five million?" asked his pal.

"Not even for five million."

"Well, how about ten million?"

The first tramp sat up.

"That's different," he said. "Now you're talking real dough."

\*

Jimmy: "Daddy, will you please get down on your hands and knees?"

J. R. Travis (Eaton): "What for, son?"

Jimmy: "Cause teacher wants us to draw a picture of a hippopotamus."

\*

Boss: "You should have been here at nine o'clock."

Tardy employee: "Why? What happened?"

\*

A firm kept a book in which each employe was required to write his name every morning together with the time of his arrival and any excuse he might have for being tardy. The first man always gave as his excuse, "train late" and the others followed suit by writing "ditto."

One morning when the usual number of "dittoes" had followed the first man's excuse it was seen that he had written "Wife had twins."

\*

"I want a couple of teeth pulled."

"But, sir, I'm a throat specialist!"

"Well, they're down my throat. My wife just knocked them there."

J. Rudden (Sinclair): "Well, doctor, how am I?"

Doctor: "Very well; your ankle is still a bit swollen, but that doesn't disturb me."

J. R.: "Sure, doctor, if your ankle was swollen, it wouldn't disturb me either."

\*

Housewife (yelling to garbage collector from her porch): "Yoo, hoo! Am I too late for the garbage?"

Garbage Man: "No, jump right in."

\*

"Witness," asked the attorney for the defense, who was trying to prove the temporary insanity of the prisoner, "was it this man's habit to talk to himself when alone?"

"Just at this time," came the answer, "I don't recollect ever bein' with him when he was alone."

\*

Husband (hearing burglars downstairs): "Sh-h dear. This is going to be a battle of brains."

Wife: "How brave of you dear, to go unarmed."

\*

J. A. Whitley (Pan-American): "What's that I hear, Silas, about your hired man falling off the roof?"

Farmer: "Yeh. He fell into a barrel of turpentine."

J. A. W.: "Did it hurt him much?"

Farmer: "Don't know. They ain't caught him yet."

\*

An Irishman was trying to ride a wild horse. The horse kicked and bucked until he got his hind foot in the stirrup of the saddle. So the fighting Irishman said:

"Be gorra, if you are going to get on I'll get off."

\*

"Your wife has been delirious all day," said the nurse, "calling for you and crying for money."

"Delirious!" snorted friend husband. "She's normal!"

\*

A western farmer writes:

"If you want to see the biggest hog in these parts, come to my ranch and ask for me!"





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\* \* \*

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# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

A Son Comes Home	Ghost Patrol	Poppy
Aces and Eights	The Girl of the Ozarks	Postal Inspector
Alte Kameraden	Girls' Dormitory	The Preview Murder Mystery
And Sudden Death	Grand Jury	The Princes Comes Across
Anna und Elisabeth (German)	The Green Pastures	Prison Shadows
Arizona Raiders	Gruess Mir Die Lore (German)	Private Secretary
Back to Nature	Half Angel	Public Enemy's Wife
Below the Deadline	The Harvester	Racing Blood
Big Noise	Heart of the West	The Return of Sophie Lang
Blackmailer	Hearts Divided	Rio Grande Romance
Bohemian Girl	Hearts in Bondage	Romeo and Juliet
Brand of the Outlaw	Hot Money	Rogue of the Range
Border Patrolman	House of a Thousand Candles	Rhythm on the Range
The Boss Rider of Gun Creek	Ich und die Kaiserin	San Francisco
The Bride Walks Out	I Was a Captive of Nazi Germany	Schloss Hubertus
Bunker Bean	Kelly of the Secret Service	Schloss Vogelood
Cain and Mabel	Kelly the Second	Sea Spoilers
Charlie Chan at the Race Track	King of Kings (Slides)	The Shadow
China Clipper	King of the Royal Mounted	The Shakedown
Cloistered	The Last of the Warrens	So Ein Maedel Vergisst Man Nicht (German)
Counterfeit	The Life of Louis Pasteur	Song of China
Crash Donovan	The Lion's Den	Speed
The Crooked Trail	Love Begins at 20	Stage Struck
Darkest Africa	Lucky Terror	Star for a Night
Das Maedchen Johanna (German)	Man's Best Friend	Straight From the Shoulder
Der Traum Von Rhein (German)	Mary of Scotland	Sundown Saunders
Die Csardasfuerstin (German)	Meet Nero Wolfe	Swing Time
Die Stimme Der Liebe	M'Liss	Texas Ranger
Down to the Sea	Mr. Cindrella	They Met in a Taxi
Down the Stretch	Mummy's Boys	Thoroughbred
Draegerman Courage	My American Wife	Three on the Trail
Early to Bed	My Man Godfrey	Ticket to Paradise
Earthworm Tractor	Navy Born	Trallin' West
Easy Money	Nine Days a Queen	Trapped by Television
Educating Father	Nobody's Fool	The Traitor
Ein Ganzer Kerl	Oberwachmeister Schwenke	Trouble for Two
Everyman's Law	Oh, Susannah	Two-Fisted Gentleman
Fast Bullets	Our Relations	Two in a Crowd
The Fatal Lady	Parole	Undercover Man
Follow Your Heart	Passaporto Rosso (Italian)	Walking On Air
Fraueblings Maerchen	Pepper	Wellington Pike Goes West
Fugitive Sheriff	Piccadilly Jim	The White Angel
Gentleman from Louisiana	Poor Little Rich Girl	White Fang
		Winds of the Wasteland
		Wolves of the Underworld
		Yellowstone